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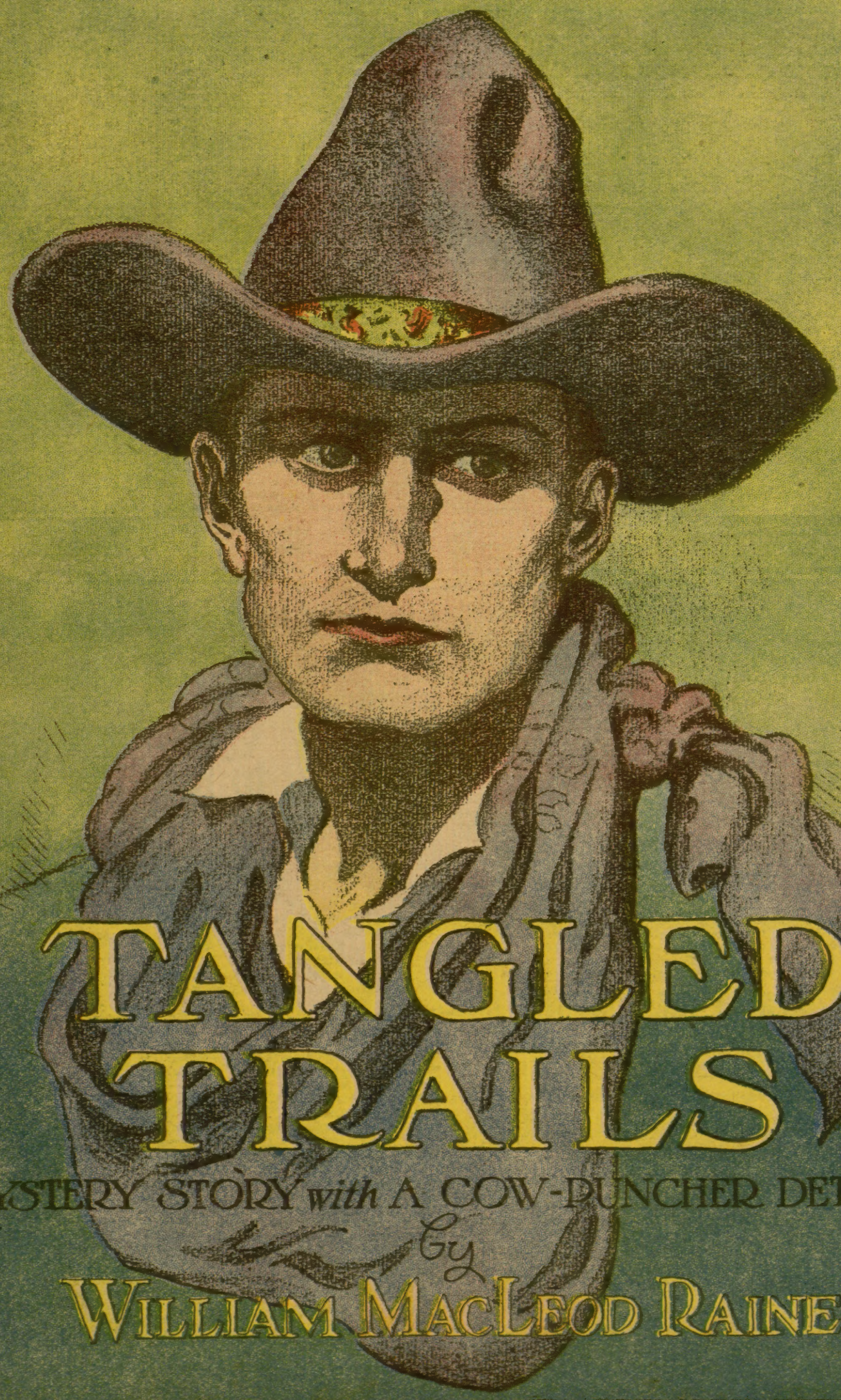

TANGLED TRAILS

A MYSTERY STORY *with* A COW-PUNCHER DETECTIVE

By

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

HRG

CHICAGO LEDGER

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MOVIELAND By Lillian Gish

Millions Love Her

SEEING YOUR OWN PICTURES

YESTERDAY a letter came to me from a young girl who's interested in everything concerning the movies. One of her questions particularly interested me. She said, "How do you feel when you see yourself on the screen?"

You feel so many, many ways—or rather, I do. Of course, by the time a picture of mine is shown in one of the big theaters, I've seen it over and over, till I know every bit of it by heart. During the making of the picture, bits of it are run off in the projection-room every few days, and I see these. Then, when the picture is finished, and Mr. Griffith goes about the work of cutting and titling it, some of the rest of us see it all. It is run off with a little projection machine that is run by hand, and sometimes one part will be run several times—it's very funny when we run the film back thru the machine; and see ourselves running backward. But oh, how tired you get, after a day of this sort of thing!

Then, when the picture is finished, you see it again and again. Finally it is shown at a big theater, at a formal opening, to which every one goes. It's an exciting moment when your name is first thrown on the screen, and all your friends applaud. You see yourself come on—and from that moment you see that picture in an absolutely new light.

You are getting it now as the audience does—not as you always have before, with people around you who have gone thru the making of it with you, who know what you are trying to express on the screen, who know the story, and so, with their own understanding, meet your characterization and help it out.

You see mistakes that you made, that seem glaring to you, and that you never saw before. You look at close-ups of yourself, and are amazed. You lean forward in your seat, breathless, as a comedy effect comes—will the audience get it? Will they laugh? At first they don't—you are tense with the strain. They aren't going to get it! Then suddenly they laugh, and you lean back again, relaxed for a moment. But in an instant more you are tense again; a delicate bit of action is coming, a subtle thing, which is most effective, and yet may slip thru, unnoticed. You have to count on the fact that the audience isn't going to keep up its interest in the picture every moment—that people are going to turn to their friends occasionally and comment on something, or remember that they didn't turn off the hot water heater before they left home, or something like that. When only part of the audience gets the little, delicate bit, you have to remember this.

You hear some one near you criticizing a scene they don't like. You long to turn to them and explain that Mr. Griffith simply had to make that scene in that way, in order to tell the story and not take any more film than was absolutely necessary for this part of it, because some wonderful scenes are coming later, and he wanted to give them as much footage as possible.

And then, as a big climax approaches, and you realize that the audience is interested in it, is being carried along with the action, you are caught up on the wave of their excitement. And when they begin to cheer, as they did for the ice scenes of "Way Down East," you want to scream yourself. On the night when that picture opened in New York, and people shouted "Hurry, Dick!" "That's the boy, Dick—save her!" and things like that, as Dick Barthelmess ran across the cakes of ice, to save me, it was wonderfully thrilling. But under the excitement and happiness of such a moment you feel a great relief—the audience has liked your work, has liked the picture. TiH then, you couldn't be sure.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

THE TASTE OF YOUR GUESTS

ONE of the first things that some hostesses try to discover after they have asked certain persons to dinner is what these persons like to eat. It seems almost impossible to plan the dinner without some knowledge of the prejudices and preferences of their guests.

Now, of course, it is thoughtful to take such preferences into consideration when you know them, but you should remember that well-bred people are really expected to like any sort of simple, wholesome food. Unless you are an invalid there is no reason why you should have any little quirks in your taste. So in planning your dinner of evening refreshments select dishes and foods that most people of your set do like, avoid the very unusual dishes or those of very pronounced flavor. For instance, if you do not know that your guests like curried dishes it would be as well not to have a curried dish, for the reason that many Americans who are not used to the flavor of curry do not like it. Avoid odd and unusual combinations of flavor.

However, to have to remember that this guest cannot eat any food containing pepper, that another draws the line at eggs in any form, even in cake, that still another dislikes any sort of butter and another has given up salt as a passing fad—to take all these whims into consideration is to burden yourself too much.

One thing, however, it is courteous to remember. If you have guests in your house who abstain from the use of meat on Friday or other fast days, remember this even tho you may not understand the importance of such abstinance. Plan some meatless dish for those days or have a special meatless dish for your guest. If any of your guests do not eat pork as a matter of principle, bear this in mind.

WHAT READERS ASK.

"When entertaining house guests is it correct for the guests of the hostess to indicate the time for retiring?"

Either host, hostess or guests may make the first move to retire. However, unless one were extremely fatigued or indisposed or had to make an early morning start, this should not take place before the usual bedtime of the household.

Is This Your Type?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

The Small Mouth

JUST as the popular notion is that eyes should be large and that hair should be abundant, so the current notion of the ideal mouth from time out of mind has been that it should be small. Of course there are pretty girls and beautiful women with large mouths, just as there have been celebrated beauties with small eyes—but they are exceptions.

And take any hundred pictures submitted by any artists, skilled or amateur, in a contest for a pretty girl's head and you'll find that ninety-nine plus one would have small mouths.

For one thing the small mouth is youthful. As we grow older our mouths sag and our lips become thinner and this makes the mouth look longer, altho as a matter of fact it may not be. Besides, in the youthful face the cheeks are fuller and rounder than as years come, and this again makes the mouth seem smaller.

Then the small mouth is distinctively Caucasian. That is, as a general thing you will find the mouth to be smaller among white races than among black, brown or yellow folk. Hence to us it seems to betoken superiority, because we are so thoroly convinced that we are superior.

You can find the small-mounthed ideal all along the line. Gabrielle d'Estrees, beautiful mistress of Henry IV. of France, for instance, is described as having a pretty little rosy smiling mouth. She conformed to the popular ideal of beauty in her day, and it is the pretty little rosy smiling mouth that still rules our dreams. Actresses, knowing this, when they want to appeal to the popular taste, put the make-up on so as to make their mouths appear smaller than they really are. They accentuate their width in the middle and sometimes even go so far as to block out some of the extra length with white paint. The result may be to make the face less interesting and less characterful, but it is prettier that way and prettiness wins more applause than anything else.

To the popular notion of things the

The Small Mouth.

small mouth indicates refinement and daintiness. So you will see that when the ideal of feminine loveliness is one of excessive daintiness the mouth is decidedly small. When there is a more robust, full-blooded ideal the mouth is not so small. Thus you will see in most of the old Italian Madonnas very small mouths, for the ideal of those artists was an aetherial, rather delicate type of feminine loveliness. In mid-Victorian days, when the style was for wasp-waisted, delicate women, the small mouth was very small indeed. It was considered downright vulgar to have a large mouth. And so there actually was a vogue for holding the mouth so as to make it seem to be smaller that it really was and the pursed-up, prune-and-prisms mouth thus came into fashion.

Some people say that the tendency in this country is to an enlarged mouth. If climate has any gradual effect on the shaping of our features then this would not be strange, for the American Indian had a larger mouth and it may be that our North American climate was responsible for this and is likewise responsible for the enlargement of the mouth of present-day Americans.

Next Week: Are You Small and Dark?

Little Odd Story of the Week--No. 8

Truth ~ Crushed to Earth

by Lewis H. Moulton

IT WAS mid-morning when Kittie Petersley flared into the dining-room, plumped herself down in one corner, and eyed her father vindictively.

Josiah was undisturbed by his daughter's spiteful glances. Before him, on a square, oak table, were many papers. With a stubby pencil, he figured upon a soiled and crumpled pad.

"But, Pa, I've just got to go tonight. The girls will be simply wild. Just this once with—with Mr. Carter."

He was in the midst of a column. "Four an' eight's twelve, an' twelve's twenty-four, an' four's thirty-two——" It was just here that Kittie intruded.

He snapped at her. "Didn't I tell ye once that ye couldn't go? Moreover, I want ye to keep away from that there soldier beau of yourn. He ain't got nuff sense to know war's over, an' still runs round keepin' the show an' the unyform of militarism."

To this Kittie made no reply. Her father, apparently satisfied with his assertion of authority, resumed his adding. When his calculations had finally yielded results, he pawed desperately at the disorderly pile of papers, and finally abstracted a folded sheet which he scanned earnestly.

"Let's see now. The furnicher must be wuth 'bout two hundred. An' that there pianny—that the old woman got me into buyin' the year she died an' Kittie was born—it cost me nigh onto seventy-five dollars. An' the silver, an' the linens—I reckon I better put down 'bout a hundred dollars.

"Kittie, bring me that there bottle o'

(Concluded on Page 23.)

ALL GRAY HAIR GONE IN FEW DAYS.

Graying, faded hair, just can't be smartly dressed and it adds ten years to your age. But don't be discouraged—you can restore it this safe, sure, easy way.

Users of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer have beautiful, soft hair of uniform, natural color. It never looks dyed.

This insurance of results should make it your unalterable choice. Imitations promise nothing and results are a gamble. They are made to sell, with efficiency secondary.

The Sure, Safe, Certain Way.

Users of Mary T. Goldman's protect themselves against the tragedy of discolored, freakish hair which proclaims the attempt to dye it.

You can depend upon hair which defies detection or criticism in its natural beauty.

You restore it yourself, easily, simply and quickly by combing through the hair. In from 4 to 8 days the gray disappears and the natural color returns, no matter if gray hairs are few or many.

This restorer isn't a repulsive, greasy dye, to which all refined people object. It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water and as dainty.

Application is easy—you simply comb it through the hair and watch the gray disappear. In from 4 to 8 days the silver threads have vanished and the natural color returned.

Write to Mary T. Goldman, 1041 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn., to send you FREE trial bottle of her Hair Color Restorer. State the natural color of your hair, whether black, jet black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown.—Adv.

TANGLED TRAILS

by William MacLeod Raine

"Your Uncle?" She Rose, Staring at Him With Big Dilated Eyes. "He's Your Uncle, the Man Who—Who——"

ESTHER M'LEAN brought the afternoon mail in to Cunningham. She put it on the desk before him and stood waiting, timidly, afraid to voice her demand for justice, yet too desperately anxious to leave with it unspoken.

He leaned back in his swivel-chair, his cold eyes challenging her. "Well," he barked harshly.

She was a young, soft creature, very pretty in a kittenish fashion, both sensuous and helpless. It was an easy guess that unless fortune stood her friend she was a predestined victim to the world's selfish love of pleasure. And fortune, with a cynical smile, had stood aside and let her go her way.

"I . . . I . . . " A wave of color flooded her face. She twisted a rag of a handkerchief into a hard wadded knot.

"Spit it out," he ordered curtly.

"I've got to do something . . . soon. Won't you—won't you——?" There was a wail of despair in the unfinished sentence.

James Cunningham was a grim, gray pirate, as malleable as cast iron and as soft. He was a large, big-boned man, aggressive, dominant, the kind that takes the world by the throat and shakes success from it. The contour of his hook-nosed face had something rapacious written on it.

"No. Not till I get good and ready. I've told you I'd look out for you if you'd keep still. Don't come whining at me. I won't have it."

"But——"

Already he was ripping letters open and glancing over them. Tears brimmed the brown eyes of the girl. She bit her lower lip, choked back a sob, and turned hopelessly away. Her misfortune lay at her own door. She knew that. But—the woe in her heart was that the man she had loved was leaving her to face alone a night as bleak as death.

Cunningham had always led a life of intelligent selfishness. He had usually got what he wanted because he was strong enough to take it. No scrupulous nicety of means had ever deterred him. Nor ever would. He played his own hand with a cynical disregard of the rights of others. It was this that had made him what he was, a man who bulked large in the sight of the city and State. Long ago he had made up his mind that altruism was weakness.

He went thru his mail with a swift, trained eye. One of the letters he laid aside and glanced at a second time. It brought a grim, hard smile to his lips. A paragraph read:

> There's no water in your ditch and our crops are burning up. Your whole irrigation system in Dry Valley is a fake. You knew it, but we didn't. You've skinned us out of all we had, you d—d bloodsucker. If you ever come up here we'll dry-gulch you, sure.

The letter was signed, "One You Have Robbed." Attached to it was a clipping from a small-town paper telling of a meeting of farmers to ask the United States District Attorney for an investigation of the Dry Valley irrigation project promoted by James Cunningham.

The promoter smiled. He was not afraid of the Government. He had kept strictly within the law. It was not his fault there was not enough rainfall in the water-shed to irrigate the valley. But the threat to dry-gulch him was another matter. He had no fancy for being shot in the back. Some crazy fool of a settler might do just that same thing. He decided to let an agent attend to his Dry Valley affairs hereafter.

He dictated some letters, closed his desk, and went down the street toward the City Club. At a florist's he stopped and ordered a box of American beauties to be sent to Miss Phyllis Harriman. With these he inclosed his card, a line of greeting scrawled on it.

A poker game was on at the club and Cunningham sat in. He interrupted it to dine, holding his seat by leaving a pile of chips at the place. When he cashed in his winnings and went downstairs it was still early. As a card-player he was not popular. He was too keen on the main chance and he nearly always won. In spite of his loud and frequent laugh, of the effect of bluff geniality, there was no genuine humor in the man, none of the milk of human kindness.

A lawyer in the reading-room rose at sight of Cunningham. "Want to see you a minute," he said. "Let's go into the Red Room."

He led the way to a small room furnished with a desk, writing supplies, and a telephone. It was for the use of members who wanted to be private. The lawyer shut the door.

"Afraid I've bad news for you, Cunningham," he said.

The other man's steady eyes did not waver. He waited silently.

"I was at Golden today on business connected with a divorce case. By chance I ran across a record that astonished me. It may be only a coincidence of names, but——"

"Now you've wrapped up the blackjack so that it won't hurt, suppose you go ahead and hit me over the head with it," suggested Cunningham dryly.

The lawyer told what he knew. The promoter took it with no evidence of feeling other than that which showed in narrowed eyes hard as diamonds and a clinched jaw in which the muscles stood out like ropes.

"Much obliged, Foster," he said, and the lawyer knew he was dismissed.

Cunningham paced the room for a few moments, then rang for a messenger. He wrote a note and gave it to the boy to be delivered. Then he left the club.

From Seventeenth street he walked across to the Paradox Apartments where he lived. He found a note propped up against a book on the table of his living-room. It had been written by the Japanese servant he shared with two other bachelors who lived in the same building.

> Mr. Hull he come see you. He sorry you not here. He say maybe perhaps make honorable call some other time.

It was signed, "S. Horikawa."

Cunningham tossed the note aside. He had no wish to see Hull. The fellow was becoming a nuisance. If he had any complaint he could go to the courts with it. That was what they were for.

The doorbell rang. The promoter opened to a big, barrel-bodied man who pushed past him into the room.

"What you want, Hull?" demanded Cunningham curtly.

The man thrust his bull neck forward. A heavy roll of fat swelled over the collar. "You know d—n well what I want. I want what's comin' to me. My share of the Dry Valley clean-up. An' I'm gonna have it. See?"

"You've had every cent you'll get. I told you that before."

Tiny red capillaries seamed the beefy face of the fat man. "An' I told you I was gonna have a divvy. An' I am. You can't throw down Cass Hull an' get away with it. Not none." The shallow protuberant eyes glittered threateningly.

"Thought you knew me better," Cunningham retorted contemptuously. "When I say I won't, I won't. Go to a lawyer if you think you've got a case. Don't come bellyaching to me."

The face of the fat man was apoplectic. "Like sin I'll go to a lawyer. You'd like that fine, you double-crossin' sidewinder. I'll come with a six-gun. That's how I'll come. An' soon. I'll give you two days to come thru. Two days. If you don't—hell sure enough will cough."

Whatever else could be said about Cunningham he was no coward. He met the raving man eye to eye.

"I don't scare worth a cent, Hull. Get out.

Pronto. And don't come back unless you want me to turn you over to the police for a blackmailing crook."

Cunningham was past 55 and his hair was streaked with gray. But he stood straight as an Indian, six feet in his socks. The sap of strength still rang strong in him. In the days when he had ridden the range he had been famous for his stamina and he was even yet a formidable two-fisted fighter.

But Hull was beyond prudence. "I'll go when I get ready, an' I'll come back when I get ready," he boasted.

There came a soft thud of a hard fist on fat flesh, the crash of a heavy bulk against the door. After that things moved fast. Hull's body reacted to the pain of smashing blows falling swift and sure. Before he knew what had taken place he was on the landing outside on his way to the stairs. He hit the treads hard and rolled on down.

A man coming upstairs helped him to his feet.

"What's up?" the man asked.

Hull glared at him, for the moment, speechless. His eyes were venomous, his mouth a thin, cruel slit. He pushed the newcomer aside, opened the door of the apartment opposite, went in, and slammed it after him.

The man who had assisted him to rise was dark and immaculately dressed.

"I judge Uncle James has been exercising," he murmured before he took the next flight of stairs.

On the door of apartment 12 was a legend in Old English engraved on a calling card. It said:

James Cunningham

The visitor pushed the electric bell. Cunningham opened to him.

"Good-evening, Uncle," the younger man said. "Your elevator is not running, so I walked up. On the way I met a man going down. He seemed rather in a hurry."

"A cheap blackmailer trying to hold me up. I threw him out."

"Thought he looked put out," answered the younger man, smiling politely. "I see you still believe in applying direct energy to difficulties."

"I do. That's why I sent for you." The promoter's cold eyes were inscrutable. "Come in and shut the door."

The young man sauntered in. He glanced at his uncle curiously from his sparkling black eyes. What the devil did James, Senior, mean by what he had said? Was there any particular significance in it?

He stroked his small black mustache. "Glad to oblige you any way I can, sir."

"Sit down."

The young Beau Brummel hung up his hat and cane, sank into the easiest chair in the room, and selected a cigarette from a gold-initialed case.

"At your service, sir," he said languidly.

CHAPTER II.

WILD ROSE TAKES THE DUST.

"WILD ROSE on Wild Fire," shouted the announcer thru a megaphone trained on the grand stand.

Kirby Lane, who was leaning against the fence chatting with a friend, turned 'round and took notice. Most people did when Wild Rose held the center of the stage.

Thru the gateway of the inclosure came a girl hardly out of her teens. She was bareheaded, a cowboy hat in her hand. The sun, already slanting from the West, kissed her crisp, ruddy gold hair and set it sparkling. Her skin was shell pink, amber clear. She walked as might a young Greek goddess in the dawn of the world, with the free movement of one who loves the open sky and the wind-swept plain.

A storm of hand-clapping swept the grand stand. Wild Rose acknowledged it with a happy little laugh. These dear people loved her. She knew it. And not only because she was a champion. They made over her because of her slimness, her beauty, the aura of daintiness that surrounded her, the little touches of shy youth that still clung to her manner. Other riders of her sex might be rough, hoydenish, or masculine. Wild Rose had the charm of her name. Yet the muscles that rippled beneath her velvet skin were hard as nails. No broncho alive could unseat her without the fight of its life.

Meanwhile the outlaw horse Wild Fire was claiming its share of attention. The broncho was a noted bucker. Every year it made the circuit of the rodeos and only twice had a rider stuck to the saddle without pulling leather. Now it had been roped and cornered. Half a dozen wranglers in chaps were trying to get it ready for the saddle. From the red-hot eyes of the brute a devil of fury glared at the men trying to thrust a gunny sack over its head. The four legs were wide apart, the ears cocked, teeth bared. The animal flung itself skyward and came down on the boot of a puncher savagely. The man gave an involuntary howl of pain, but he clung to the rope snubbed round the wicked head.

The gunny sack was pushed and pulled over the eyes. Wild Fire subsided, trembling, while bridle was adjusted and saddle slipped on. The girl attended to the cinching herself. If the saddle turned it might cost her life, and she preferred to take no unnecessary chances.

She was dressed in green satin riding clothes. A beaded bolero jacket fitted over a white silk blouse. Her boots were of buckskin, silver-spurred. With her hat on, at a distance, one might have taken her for a slim, beautiful boy.

Wild Rose swung to the saddle and adjusted her feet in the stirrups. The gunny sack was whipped from the horse's head. There was a wild scuffle of escaping wranglers.

For a moment Wild Fire stood quivering. The girl's hat swept thru the air in front of its eyes. The horse woke to galvanized action. The back humped. It shot into the air with a writhing twist of the body. All four feet struck the ground together, straight and stiff as fence posts.

The girl's head jerked forward as tho it were on a hinge. The outlaw went sunfishing, its forefeet almost straight up. She was still in the saddle when it came to all fours again. A series of jarring bucks, each ending with the force of a pile-driver as Wild Fire's hoofs struck earth, varied the program. The rider came down limp, half in the saddle, half out, righting herself as the horse settled for the next leap. But not once did her hands reach for the pommel of the saddle to steady her.

Pitching and bucking, the animal humped forward to the fence.

"Look out!" a judge yelled.

It was too late. The rider could not deflect her mount. Into the fence went Wild Fire blindly and furiously. The girl threw up her leg to keep it from being jammed. Up went the broncho again before Wild Rose could find the stirrup. She knew she was gone, felt herself shooting forward. She struck the ground close to the horse's hoofs. Wild Fire lunged at her. A bolt of pain like red-hot iron seared thru her.

Thru the air a rope whined. It settled over the head of the outlaw and instantly was jerked tight. Wild Fire, coming down hard for a second lunge a the green crumpled heap underfoot, was dragged sharply sideways. Another lariat snaked forward and fell true.

"Here, Cole!" The first roper thrust the taut line into the hands of a puncher who had run forward. He himself dived for the still girl beneath the hoofs of the rearing horse. Catching her by the arms, he dragged her out of danger. She was unconscious.

The cowboy picked her up and carried her to the waiting ambulance. The closed eyes flickered open. A puzzled little frown rested in them.

"What's up, Kirby?" asked Wild Rose.

"You had a spill."

"Took the dust, did I?" He sensed the disappointment in her voice.

"You rode fine. He jammed you into the fence," explained the young man.

The doctor examined her. The right arm hung limp.

"Broken, I'm afraid," he said.

"Ever see such luck?" the girl complained to Lane. Kirby about to speak, shook his head.

"Probably they won't let me ride in the wild-horse race now."

"No chance, young lady," the doctor said promptly. "I'm going to take you right to the hospital."

"I might get back in time," she said hopefully.

"You might, but you won't."

"Oh, well," she sighed. "If you're going to act like that."

The cowboy helped her into the ambulance and found himself a seat.

"Where do you think you're going?" she asked with a smile a bit twisted by pain.

"I reckon I'll go far as the hospital with you."

"I reckon you won't. What do you think I am—a nice little parlor girl who has to be petted when she gets hurt? You're on to ride inside of fifteen minutes—and you know it."

"Oh, well! I'm lookin' for an alibi so as not to be beaten. That Cole Sanborn is sure a straight-up

(Continued on Page 12)

He Flashed On the Lights. Sound Tho Kirby Lane's Nerves Were, He Could Not Repress a Gasp at What He Saw.

More Chapters in the Life of a Girl Who Never Had a Chance

Rill O' the River

By Besse Toulouse Sprague

PART II.

CHAPTER III (Continued).

RILL nodded slowly. She could not quite grasp the drift of the girl's conversation. Compared to the river shanty or the hovels in which she had lived with Jake this place was a palace.

But the girl was not satisfied.

"I think it's—well, it's queer here; that old woman, she gives me the creeps. I'd get another place in a minute only I can't afford to. I paid a month's room rent in advance when I came. It was all I had and I thought I'd better be sure of a place to sleep the first thing I did; you never can tell how you're going to lose your money in a city."

Rill agreed.

"But it's queer here." The girl was evidently groping for an explanation of something she did not understand. "She invited me downstairs one evening," Rill knew the girl referred to the landlady. "I was lonesome and I went down. They were drinking down there. There was a man there I didn't like and he kept managing to sit by me. He put his arms around me."

Rill nodded. This at least was familiar ground.

"He—he said something just awful."

"What did you do?"

"I ran upstairs to my room and bolted the door."

"Did he—did he come?"

The girl shook her head.

"The next day I asked her about it and she just laughed. I—I don't know what kind of a place this is. I've read—well, I just wonder?"

Rill spoke calmly and with perfect knowledge.

"It's a joint."

"A joint?"

"Yes."

"Oh."

The two girls sat silently staring at each other.

Then Rill, "I—I guess we're all right if we don't mix with the others.

There was another long silence and then the girl spoke impulsively. "Let's get out of it. I get my pay a week from this Saturday night and then let's you and me find a decent place."

"All right," from Rill. "But I ain't got much money and no job."

The girl was instant in her speech. "I'll get you a job. They're lookin' for more girls down where I am. It's in the factory, you know. It's not much of a place to work, but it'll be all right and two of us together can get ahead so much quicker."

There followed a conversation that lasted well into midnight.

Rill learned that the other girl's name was Nell Brinton, and that she had been born and raised in a little western Iowa town.

Nell's father was the butcher in the home town. He had grown up there, had married his old playmate, who became Nell's mother.

Nell told stories of the patient invalid mother that brought the tears streaming to the eyes of both girls. Stories of her sweet patience, her devotion to her husband and to her little girl, and of how she would hurry about in her wheelchair, her hands always busy, managing even tho an invalid, to keep as comfortable and as tidy a home as any other housekeeper in the village.

Nell was bitter toward her father. "Mother fell downstairs when I was 6," Nell explained. "She hurt her back, and everybody said if my father had have spent half the money on trying to cure her that he spent on having a good time himself she would have gotten well and been living yet."

There are hundreds of stories similar to Nell's.

"I'd die before I'd go back," Nell sobbed.

Rill envied the girl her ability to unburden her troubles by telling them to another. Confidence was a thing that would have been impossible for Rill because of her queer, shy, restrained disposition. She could not have given her confidence even had she dared.

At the end of the conversation Rill knew the entire life of the other girl, while Nell could not even have spoken the last name of her confidant.

So in the long hours of that evening a friendship was cemented between the two lonely, homeless girls, a friendship which only death was to break, which meant untold good to one of the girls and the only ray of beauty that had ever come into the other girl's desolate life.

LIFE at the factory was not unalloyed bliss for Rill even with her good-natured chum to encourage her.

Rill's hands were slow and clumsy while Nell's were dartingly quick, like busy swift-flying birds.

The result was that at the end of the day's work Nell's tally sheet usually showed a balance of more than twice the amount shown by Rill's, despite the fact that Rill's head ached from concentration and her eyes smarted from the steady attention to her work, while Nell was as fresh almost as in the beginning.

Rill was not only slow and clumsy in her work, but, of course, the work showed her inexpert touch. Both girls were at machines identically alike, but the finished product of one machine under Nell's deft hands was neat and exquisite, while with Rill the work was awkward and bungled and sometimes even failed to pass inspection.

The acid-faced forewoman had her skeptical eye turned upon Rill from the moment she came into the factory.

"We shore need girls," she admitted grudgingly and to Rill's face, "but you don't look like you could do anything right."

Maybe it was this very attitude that predestined Rill to failure.

"She's a lemon, a prune, a persimmon picked to soon," Nell encouraged. "Don't you mind the old fool even a little bit. All the girls hate her just like sin. The old frozen-face. Don't you worry, Rill darling."

But Rill did worry. There was other things to worry Rilletta. One was the fear, the fear that had been her ever present, always abiding companion since the night when in wild abandon she had fled from Jake's hovel and the horror that it held.

And then Rill was worried for Nell.

Nell had come like a dazzling ray of bright sunshine into the girl's heart and the love which in a brighter, happier surrounding Rill might some day have given to her own babies filled her great heart to overflowing—her love for Nell was the deepest, purest thing that had ever come into that heart.

If Nell understood that her surroundings in the boarding house were questionable, even dangerous, she gave little heed. Nell's nature was confiding and gentle, she was trusting everything to Rill.

And that trust laid heavy upon Rill's mind.

The landlady was not altogether friendly these days.

"When is your friend coming over?" she asked Rill more than once. To the landlady the absence of Rill's friend was like the absence of the goose that laid the golden eggs.

As often as they could the girls hunted another room at night.

But Nell's idea of what constituted a comfortable homelike room was very different from Rill's idea.

Rill was the girl who had never had a chance, who had accepted with oxlike patience the hard things that came her way as inevitably hers to be endured.

And even with a dissolute father who cared more for his own sinful pleasures than for anything else in the world, Nell had had her chance, her half of a chance. The patient, cheerful invalid mother who never complained and who kept a cheerful cozy home had given Nell a heritage that could carry her far.

"When pay day comes," Nell said again and again. "We'll get out of this place. We'll have enough, won't we, Rill?"

And Rill would count again the remnant of the fast dwindling twenty, a pair of shoes for Rill and a middy that Nell just "had to have" had already come out of it, so that the remnant was insignificantly small and estimate the probable size of the two pay checks.

But Rill had a foreboding of disaster. Luck had never seemed to come her way.

Disaster came in the person of the acid-faced forewoman.

"You won't be needed any longer," she told Rill.

That night in their room they faced the situation. They had just come from a decidedly suggestive conversation with the landlady. They had paid her four dollars for the use of Rill's room for another week.

There had been a number of things said during this interview, but a greater number implied and Rill came away with a very definite idea of what was in the landlady's mind even if Nell did not. In some things Rill's mind outstripped Nell's.

"You've got nine dollars and I got six and I had a dollar and eighty cents left," Rill was saying. "And we paid her four dollars, that leaves——" Rill figured feverishly.

"It leaves $12.80," Nell supplied glibly.

"And sixteen cents for car fare," Rill supplemented. "Ain't that awful?"

Nell nodded.

"It shows we gotta walk after this," she said.

Rill agreed.

"Let's figure," she said practically.

(Continued on Page 18.)

A Sudden Loud Whistle Smote the Air—Somebody Shrieked "Police!"

Part One of the Story Condensed for New Readers

RILLETTA BURNS, unlucky child of an unlucky mother, reared from babyhood by a dissolute couple whose squalid abode was ever among the slums of the larger Western cities or on a miserable flatboat on the upper Mississippi River, began to realize the sordidness of her life as she bloomed into young womanhood. At the age of 16 she realized the terrible fate in store for her at the hands of her low-lived guardians. Rilletta was born on the very flatboat in which her mother, Kate Burns, "the slickest little Moll that ever played up and down the Mississip," had passed away, with a dying request that her baby be named Rilletta Louine. Rilletta had heard this story from the toothless old crone who brought her up. A fellow named Pete had occasionally lived with Kate Burns, but no one knew of any marriage between them. And there came a day when

PETE, owner of the flatboat, now living with the old crone, told Rilletta that henceforth she would have to "pay for her keep." She must emulate Moll DuPrie, another river girl, with no pretense to beauty, who was "getting the coin." What couldn't Rilletta do, with her pretty face and fine figure? "All right," cried the tormented girl, "I'm ready for anything!" As Pete went about his business he remarked, "Rill's a dead ringer for Kate."

JAKE DABNEY, a foreigner, who came frequently to the shore shanty, was most repulsive to Rilletta. Jake seemed to hold a whiphand over Pete. Anyway, Pete threatened Rill with dire punishment if she didn't 'use Jake right." And Rill obeyed; she dared not disobey—until one night when Jake hurled a steaming dish of food into the girl's face and she retaliated by rushing at him with a butcherknife, striking, and fleeing into the outside darkness. Rill jumped a freight train, rode all night, and at daybreak discovered a handsome youth was also in the box car. He said he was

DAVID O. RYAN, JR., a student doing a class "stunt." They left the car in East Des Moines. The youth gave Rill some money and got her into a rooming-house—"an awful joint," he realized afterwards. As Rill was retiring for the night in bounced a jolly, charming girl of about her own age. She had come to Des Moines to find employment, leaving a comfortable home in a small town. She would like to chum with Rill, if agreeable. In their conversation the girls agreed that there was something very "funny" about this rooming-house.

Continuing a Story of Human Tigers—Thirsty for Blood and Gold

Wolves of the Sea

By Randall Parrish

Refresh Your Memory With This

The man who entered the stateroom was not Estada, as Carlyle had suspected. After Geoffry had knocked the intruder senseless with a chair he soon found that the fellow was a half-breed Indian, one he had never seen before. By this time he was undoubtedly dead. Carlyle and the girl procured some rope and lowered the body into the sea thru a cabin porthole.

On re-entering the stateroom the pair found that the light in the hanging lantern had been extinguished. On going to his own cabin for some needed rest, Carlyle examined the knife he had taken from the fellow he had floored with the chair and found it wet with blood. Had Carlyle's unknown victim slain some member of the crew, or some one of more importance, before entering the stateroom? Geoffrey resolved to investigate the matter.

The story began in No. 1, the Ledger for Jan. 7. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued).

EXCEPT for one man busily engaged coiling a rope, the main deck was deserted, and I climbed the short ladder to the poop, meeting LeVere as I straightened up. The sea was a gentle swell, the sky clear above, but with a mass of dark clouds off the port quarter. A glance aloft revealed a full spread of canvas. The air contained a nip of frost.

"All set, I see, LeVere?"

"Si, Senor, and at that we barely move. The bark needs a gale o' wind to make any headway."

"You have no fear of the storm?"

He glanced aside at the mass of cloud.

"No, Senor. It hung just there an hour past—not come here, but creep around."

"Your course?"

"Still to the sou' o' east, Senor." He bent down to glance at the card and I saw his dark face in the gleam of the binnacle light. He was not bad looking, but for the continuous gleam of prominent teeth. He straightened up.

"Who put out the cabin light, Senor?"

"I am sure I don't know; was it out?"

"Yes, Senor. I never knew that to happen before."

"An accident, no doubt. The steward probably left some nearby port open, and a gust of wind did the business. That's nothing to worry over."

He shook his head as tho far from satisfied by my theory, but went below without attempting to reply. I watched him thru the skylight, but he merely gulped down a glass of liquor, and entered his stateroom.

My watch was uneventful. The fellow at the wheel was unfamiliar to me, and rather surly in his answers, to the few questions I put to him. As he could speak nothing but Spanish I soon left him alone, and fell to pacing the deck, immersed in my own thoughts. These were far from pleasant ones, as I reviewed again the strange situation in which I found myself. Circumstances had played me a sorry trick. Without plan, almost without effort, I had drifted into a position of utmost delicacy. Any accident or mistake might lead to disastrous results. Not only my own life, but the life of the young woman below, could be endangered by a single careless word, or act. The whole affair seemed more a nightmare than a reality.

I was actually serving as first officer on a pirate ship in search of vessels to rob on the high seas, commanding a crew of West Indian cutthroats—the very scum of hell, and under the order of a Portuguese devil, whose ambition coolly plotted murder. I was sailing under the black flag, to be hung if captured, compelled to act out the masquerade, a satellite of the most infamous villian who ever sacked a merchantman. Why, the very name of Sanchez had been horror to me in the past—yet here I actually was in charge of the deck of his death ship, searching for new victims, and only hoping that the arch villian might live to overthrow the even fouler demon who would succeed him if he died.

Already I knew murder had been done; that the coming morning would reveal some hideous tragedy, on which, perhaps, my fate would depend. Somewhere below in the dark lay a dead man, his sightless eyes staring upward. The curse of crime was upon the vessel, and this, possibly, was only the beginning, whose end could not be foreseen. And for what was I there? The answer was not upon my lips, but in my heart—Dorothy Fairfax. I bowed my head on the rail, and stared out over the dark water, but I saw only her face. No, I would not turn back; would not fail her. Let the end be death, and disgrace, I meant to fight grimly on until that end came. In that hour I knew she was more to me than life, or even honor. Far more than mere duty bound me; I was prisoner to love.

The dawn came cold and gray, but with clearing skies. The force of the wind increased, becoming unsteady, and causing a choppy sea, so that I felt impelled to lower the topsails and take a reef in the larger canvas. Nothing was reported in sight, but to reassure myself, I climbed into the main crosstrees, and swept the horizon with a glass. Not so much as a speck rewarded my efforts, and I descended the ratlines, shouting to the boatswain to call the port watch. Watkins came aft to the wheel, and I sent the fellow thus relieved down into the cabin to rout out LeVere. The two returned to deck together, the negro glancing about curiously without mounting the ladder.

"You call Senor Estada yet?" he questioned.

"No; I had no orders to do so."

"He tol' me call him at daylight. Here you, Amada; go wake up the Senor."

The seaman disappeared grumbling, while LeVere crossed the poop deck, and stood beside me looking out across the expanse of sea.

"No sail—hey? We hav' bad luck—too far north."

"And west; we are out of the sea lanes; but if it keeps bright I'll take an observation at noon."

Amada emerged from the companion and stared up at us, shading his mouth with one hand as he spoke.

"He answer nothing, Senor LeVere."

"You rapped on the door?"

"Si, Senor; I strike with my fist, and my boot, but he never wake up."

"Was the door locked?"

"I know not, Senor; I not try open it."

LeVere gave utterance to an oath.

"The pig-headed swine," he said fiercely. "I suppose I'll have to go myself."

Our eyes met, and something seemed to bid me accompany him.

"We'll go down together, Senor," I said quietly. "Estada must be sick; I could hear the rumpus Amada kicked up even on deck here. No man could sleep thru that racket."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NEW CONSPIRACY.

THE interior of the cabin appeared more desolate than ever in the gray of dawn. The swinging light yet burned, but was now useless, all the dismal horrors of the place revealed by the slowly increasing gleam of day stealing down from above. Gunsaules had not appeared, and LeVere's stateroom door remained ajar, giving glimpse of the disarranged bunk within. The other doors were tightly closed. LeVere rather held back, not noticeably so, perhaps, yet enough to give me the lead, and, with one swift glance about, I led the way directly to Estada's stateroom.

Something sinister had occurred during the dark hours of the night. Of that I was convinced, and I believed we were now about to lift the veil hiding the tragedy. My heart pounded like a hammer as I rapped on the wooden panels and waited some response from within. There was no answer, no sound of movement, and I rapped again more loudly, my questioning eyes seeking LeVere's face. He was listening as intently as myself, his eyes expressing anxiety. If I had felt some suspicion of the man before, this lack of faith vanished—he certainly was concerned in no plot involving the life of the Portuguese.

"There is something wrong, Senor," he whispered, "for he was ever a light sleeper."

"Then we will find out what it is."

The door was unlocked, the latch yielding instantly to the hand, and I stepped within. A glance told everything. The port was closed, but thru the thick glass sufficient light found entrance to reveal the interior. The chair before the table was overturned, and there were papers scattered about the deck. Estada lay in his bunk, with one leg dangling outside, and his head crooked against the side wall. His very posture was that of sudden death, even had it not been pictured by the ghastly face, peculiarly hideous in the gray light which stared at us, and the dark pool of blood underneath.

I heard an exclamation from LeVere, and stood for an instant utterly unable to move. The only sound audible was the steady drip of blood. I knew already what I should find, yet finally forced myself forward—he was stone dead, pierced with three knife thrusts. I stood up and faced the mulatto, whose countenance was fairly green with horror.

"What do you know about this, Senor LeVere?" I asked sternly. "The man has been murdered, knifed. Who did it—and why?"

He could scarcely answer, gripping at the table for support, and never removing his gaze from the face of the dead man. Yet I believed his words; was convinced this was not the terror of guilt.

"My God! I cannot tell; I have never dreamed of this—that is true, Senor."

"Had the man enemies? Any one you would suspect?"

"Enemies? Ay, plenty of them; we all have. We expect that in our trade. This ship is full of devils ready enough to do such a job; but I could not name the one who did do it. I know of no cause. I have heard nothing."

"I believe you, LeVere," I said, when his voice ceased, yet unwilling even then to trust him fully. "All that rules here is strength. Murder is but a weapon, and hate struck this blow."

"What can we do, Senor?"

"Do! we must talk that over first. Open the port there and let in some fresh air. That is better; but we cannot think, looking at that ghastly face, and hearing the blood drip onto the deck. We'll leave him here and talk over the affair in the cabin."

"But the men will think it strange," he protested, "if I do not return to the deck; some may know what lies here."

"We cannot help that, LeVere. We cannot meet this thing until we are prepared; until we talk it over, and decide what to do. It is not the men on deck, the watch, I fear, but those fellows amidships—they are the ones to be afraid of; is that not so?"

"Si, Senor."

"Then come; there is more danger in hasty action than anything else."

I shut the door behind us, and turned the key. It was a relief to get outside, even into that dismal cabin, beyond view of Estada's dead face. The vessel rolled considerably, and LeVere, who had evidently lost his nerve, sank into a chair as tho no strength remained in him.

"You fear an uprising, a mutiny?" I questioned, "when this is reported?"

"What will prevent?" he asked. "The captain cannot stir; the mate dead; the men already crazed because we take no prizes. They will murder us also, and take control."

"Who will? Those devils amidships?"

"Ay; they care only to fight for gold—it is their trade."

"And who leads them? Who would they make captain?"

"Manuel Estevan," he whispered, "he would be the one."

"I thought as much. Then it is Manuel Estevan we must secure first—before they know. 'Tis my thought he is at the bottom of it all, and our hope lies in our early discovery. If we can act before he does, we may thwart his plan. Listen, LeVere; I will speak low for that forward stateroom is his. He has not supposed we would discover the murder so quickly, for he knew nothing of Estada's request that he be called at daylight—is this true?"

"Si, Senor; it was his last order when he went below."

"Good; then we must organize before he can act. We have that one chance left. Whatever his men may know of what has occurred they will make no move until they get his orders. We must stop the possibility of his issuing any. Without a leader, the advantage is ours."

"You mean to kill him?"

"Only as a last resort. I am no murderer, altho there is enough at stake here to make me willing to take life. There is no good feeling between those quartered amidships, and the crew?"

"No, Senor; it is hate generally, altho they are not all alike. The real sailors are mostly captured men; they serve to save their lives, and only for these others on board could not be held long. We do not arm them or use them to board prizes. It's those devils amidships who loot; that is all their work to fight and guard these others. Naturally there's no love lost between them. Your plan, Senor, is to set the one against the other?"

"Yes, if possible; I know no other way. These sailor men are of all races. Can they be trusted?"

HE SAT bending forward, his hands on his knees, his dark face far from pleasant. I had every reason to know the fellow to be criminal, desperate, guilty of everything in the calendar, and yet I must place confidence in him. Only as we worked together now was there any prospect of success.

"Some might be; it is hard to tell how many. It is not the race which counts so much, Senor. There are those among them who would not care to return to honesty."

"And you, LeVere?"

He spread his hands and shrugged his shoulders.

"There is no hope of me; I was born to the free life."

"What, then, is it with you?"

"Hate, Senor—revenge," and his teeth gleamed savagely. "I would spit on this Manuel who seeks to be chief. I can never be—no; I am of black skin, with negro blood in my veins, and white men would never have it so. But I can hate, Senor. That is why I am with you now, if the devil so will. Your plan might work—tell me more of it."

"It is simple enough, LeVere, and

(Continued on Page 20.)

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A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I want to thank you for the letters I have received from you. Each one is very dear to me. I wish you knew how I love to receive them!

And speaking of letters reminds me of envelopes which in turn reminds me of an experience. From it I profited so greatly that I want to pass it on to you. The experience I speak of was had by two people of my close acquaintance: Man and wife. They had a five-acre piece of land to start out on and sold it for a thousand dollars cash because the young husband was told by physicians that he had a leaky heart and must take up a less active occupation. So, to the city they went, where the young husband found a position with a fair salary attached to it. The salary was $32.50 a week, which, of course, amounted to $1,700 a year. They started in housekeeping with one good idea. But they needed two ideas and that was the trouble. The one idea was—"we must live on our income and put the $1,000 away as a nest egg." With that idea they took pencil in hand and figured their yearly expenses. $200 of their yearly $1,700 must go for the life-insurance paid-up policy; that took care of the savings phase. At $40 a month, $480 was the yearly rent. $10 a week for table amounted to $520 a year. Gas, electric light, telephone and newspaper also were items that would not change and aggregated $54 a year. So far this made $1,254 a year. Since their income was $1,700 a year, this left $446 for clothing, entertainment such as movies and miscellaneous. They voted $2 a week or $104 a year for entertainment. This left $342 to cover clothing and miscellaneous. The $42 was assigned to the latter. The young wife decided she must dress on $200 and her husband on $100 yearly. Then they figured up the items that would go into their clothing and found they could keep within the $300 and yet have an evening gown and a dress suit.

As I say—and you'll agree with me—the idea was excellent, but it needed a second one to follow it up. Whatever happened, neither of them seems to know what it was, they spent no more for clothes than they had planned, for after six months, they ended up all their purchases. But their thousand dollars had gradually dribbled away. Each month the bank showed drawings that sapped their nest egg dolefully. Perhaps they paid too much for Cousin Lotus' wedding gift. They realized all along the $1,000 was decreasing. Neither of them blamed the other, for both had been equally anxious to protect the precious emergency budget. But only after six months, when they awoke to the fact that the money had been entirely dissipated, did they take steps to stop the leak.

It was then that the second idea came to the young wife. With a vengeance she hurried downtown and bought a dozen stout manilla envelopes. She then sat down with pencil and paper and divided each of the yearly expenditures which she and her husband had computed many months back, by the figure 52. She did this for the reason that there were 52 weeks in a year, and in this way she determined to a penny just how much she would have to put in each envelope each week so as not to fall behind. For instance, on the matter of insurance. Their $200 yearly premium divided by 52 amounted to the figure $3.85. The $480 figure for their rent divided by 52 amounted to $9.23. In this way she figured out each item, and marked it in bold figures upon the manilla envelope, thus stipulating the amount which must be placed in that envelope each and every week of their existence. When she got to the last envelope—the one marked "Entertainment"—she found that the $2 to be placed in it must cover such matters as gifts as well as entertainment.

With the completion of the envelopes, Mr. Young Husband was taken into her confidence and initiated into the ways of the proposed system. Thereafter, each and every Saturday night, Mr. Young Husband stopped at the bank with his pay check and cashed it, taking the money therefore in five-dollar bills, one-dollar bills, several rolls of quarters, a roll of dimes and a roll of nickels. When he got home the salary was spread out on the kitchen table—bills and silver and all. The amount on each envelope was then dropped into that envelope, exact to the penny.

Now what happened from this system? You can can see almost for yourself.

When the various collectors came to the door, Mrs. Young Wife merely dumped the respective envelopes in her hand and counted out his money for him. She allowed not an envelope to be touched for any other purpose than its own. That was all four years ago. Since then the husband has earned some bits of extra money after hours and has replenished the once lost nest egg, but the latter has never been again touched and the little family lives religiously within their income.

There is not only a moral in this for all of us, but a good working system as well—a system on which there is neither patent or copyright.

YOUR SUNDAY MENU

BREAKFAST.

Sliced Bananas
Cereal and Cream
Cream Dried Beef
Rolls Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Boiled Mutton, Caper Sauce
Spinach Baked Sweet Potatoes
Frozen Custard
Chocolate Sauce

SUPPER.

Toasted Cheese
Cocoa
Cut up Fruit Cookies

Sliced Bananas.

Slice bananas into individual dishes and sprinkle with powdered sugar and lemon juice just before sending to the table.

Frozen Custard.

Thicken a quart of milk with the yolks of three eggs beaten with one cupful of sugar, cool, add a cupful of cream, a tablespoonful of vanilla, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Freeze.

Toasted Cheese.

Let pieces of cheese melt in a little heated milk, and add a little butter, seasoning to taste, and a beaten egg. Spread on hot toast and brown. Serve very hot.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S WEEKLY ECONOMY CALENDAR

LESS ROOM, MORE CLOSET

Most houses and apartments are built on the general supposition that the more and larger your rooms, the more and larger should be your closets, tho it wouldn't be a bad idea to reverse this and increase the roominess and number of closets as you reduce the number and size of your rooms.

It is a fact that you can get along with very much smaller rooms and still not feel crowded or hampered if you have spacious shelves and cupboards enough to store all articles not needed to have exposed. And a few feet of area adds enormously to a closet without giving any appreciable space in a room.

You can get along with a very small kitchen, a veritable kitchenette, if you see to it that along the wall space of that kitchen you have numerous shelves, closets and cupboards. And you can get along with very much less equipment in the way of cupboards if the kitchen is spacious enough to provide for full equipment in tables and other articles of kitchen furnishing.

Two persons can get along well enough in a rather small bedroom if there are two closets and possibly shelf and cupboard space beside, but the room must be large indeed to make it possible for the same two persons to manage with but one closet and no shelf space.

It is always a good plan to have enough shelf space and cupboard space so that you need not have to figure on having your possessions and supplies stowed away in close array. You know yourself that when you are in haste you never have the time to put things away so compactly as when you are first arranging shelves and closets.

Simplicity in furnishing is really possible only in the house where there is plenty of shelf and other store space. The dining room that shows no clutter of the paraphernalia of meals is possible only where there is shelf and cupboard space sufficient in the pantry to accommodate all these things.

Prevents Cold Feet.

SALT in the bottom of the shoes in winter will help the circulation and prevent the feet from getting cold. This precaution is common and effective among Maine woodsmen.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

HILDA

OF SPLENDID old Norse, lineage is Hilda. The sister of the Valkyrur was Hildur, and the names of Hild and Hilda were given to other war maidens. Hilda is said to signify "battle" by a literal translation, which probably means "War-like spirit" under a broader interpretation.

The Teutonic world claims the name and insists that it means "support," giving it to one of their principal war maidens. The real origin seems difficult to settle upon, but it is generally conceded that Hilda and peace are not synonymous.

For a time Hilda was one of the commonest terminations to feminine names in the Teutonic world, and gradually the word came to mean "maiden," and was used interchangeably. It was much used in the North of England also, where the Deiran princess, Hildur, became the holy abbess, Hilda of Whitby, succeeding St. Begga and leaving a reputation for sanctity.

The Clara de Clare could not see it, a vision of the holy abess can be seen under certain conditions of light in the Whitby chapel today; the ammonites, which are believed to have been serpents turned to stone at the prayer of the abbess are also there. Around Whitby, Hilda is still the most popular of feminine names, in honor of the holy woman who bore it.

The mother of Rolf Ganger was the Norwegian Hildr. Indeed, the name has confined itself largely to the peoples of the North. It suggests the splendid strength of the Valkyries; the romances of the land of the midnight sun, the haunting melancholy of the Gothic races. It is one of the few names without diminutives or derivatives.

Coral is the jewel assigned to those who bear the name of Hilda, if they would have health and prosperity. The deep pink stone has theraupeutic qualities; it shares the vitality of the wearer to such an extent that it is supposed to pale or grow more vivid, according as its owner is possessed by weakness or good health. It is also used to stop the flow of blood from wounds. Safety for travelers is the promise of coral. Tuesday is the lucky day for its wearer and 3 the lucky number.

Next Week: JOAN. Watch for It.

Emma Hanko on Foods

CRANBERRIES IN THE DIET

TO MANY of us the cranberry is one of the inconsequential fruits that appear about Thanksgiving time and remain with us thru the greater part of the winter. Few of us realize that millions of bushels of this fruit are harvested annually in the United States, and that, before the war at least, we shipped more than any other country in the world. Nothing bears transportation better than cranberries.

Any one who has ever cooked cranberries knows how easy it is to make jelly of them. This is due to the fact that they contain an abundance of pectose bodies (a substance in fruits which is responsible for jellying). Cranberries also contain nearly 10 per cent of carbohydrates, nearly 3 per cent of malic acid (the acid found in apples), a liberal quantity of mineral substance in addition to their malic acid.

Those who have never used the cranberry for garnishing purposes have a surprise in store. It lends itself to this use in either the raw or cooked condition. As I write, my mind recalls a feast at which a goose, garnished with watercress and uncooked cranberries, was offered, and what a sight it was!

Physiologically speaking, the cranberry, with its valuable acids and salts, is an important adjunct to meat, because it neutralizes the poisonous acids produced by this food in the process of digestion. Persons suffering from gout or rheumatism are favorably affected by this fruit.

When marketing for cranberries, preference should be given to the dark-red berries, as these have a better flavor than the light-colored ones. Generally speaking, the same is true of other foods, so that those of us who are particular about flavors, will do well to select brunettes rather than blondes.

Next Week: A Typical Meatless Dinner.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 6

The LONG FINGER of FATE

by BESSE TOULOUSE SPRAGUE

EVERY small town has its Magdalene, its scarlet woman, at whom the good housewives of the village point the finger of scorn and from whom they warn their children to flee as from a scourge.

Eden, Ohio, is no exception. For within the confines of Eden lived Faith Jensen.

"Don't go near Faith Jensen," prudent mothers told their little girls. "If she stops to talk to you on the street you must run home just as fast as you can."

"Why?" the more curious little feminine souls would coax. "Why? I—I like her, mother, she's pleasant."

"Don't you ever let me hear you say that again as long as you live," the answer would be. "Why? Well, just because. Now mind me, daughter. Don't you ever dare to talk to Faith Jensen."

But surely Faith Jensen could not really have been a Magdalene—a scarlet woman, at least outside of an Eden, Ohio.

For Faith Jensen was little and pretty and womanly, her heart was tender and warm and gentle, and in her sin she had merely been true to her name.

Faith Jensen had given worship, breathless love and faith, the three great emotions of her woman's heart, and in return she had received a shattered faith, a ruined name and a broken life.

Folks in Eden said that "Grandmaw" Jensen, Faith's little old mother, died of a broken heart. At any rate she slipped into the land of the shadows very soon after Faith's disgrace became public property.

For Faith's disgrace did become public property. That is the way of an Eden. In a city Faith might even after her disgrace have had her secret. Folks wouldn't have found out, or if they had they would have been too busy to care much about it anyway.

But in Eden it was different.

All Edens are different.

"Grandpaw" Jensen was a Civil War veteran. He had known the hell of Gettysburg and weary and footsore he had followed Sherman on the historical march to the sea. In return for that and because he had left his youth and his health on a Southern battlefield the United States Government paid him thirty dollars a month in the form of a pension. That pension was a godsend to "Grandpaw," to Faith and to Faith's nameless little baby. With it they could, at least, be independent of their world and Eden.

"Stray cotts" (all small town bred and born folks know the term), they called a nameless, unwanted baby in Eden—that is when they want to be polite. Other times they use a name which is short and ugly, and terrible. And that hateful word was hurled at Joy Jensen's criecipline heads more and more often as time by more fortunate children who possessed complete sets of parents—proud mothers and loving fathers.

"Ain't it a pity she's a girl?" was "Grandpaw" Jensen's only comment as he leaned over the little new bundle of life. A stranger conflict of emotions was distressing "Grandpaw" at that instant. There was the feeling of tender love and pride of the tiny mite at war with the thought that the wee babe was nameless and remembrance of the short and brutal name by which Eden folks called such a happening.

Faith Jensen flushed weakly. "She's mine, paw, and she's goin' t' be happy if—I fight—ever'—inch o'—the—way for her. I'm a-goin' t' call her Joy."

And so the matter stood.

Plump "Mis" Bascomb who assisted the stork to alight in almost all of the homes of Eden and who, out of common decency to say nothing of kindheartedness, could not refuse to help in this case, tried to argue the case to "Grandpaw's" way of thinking.

"Grandpaw's right, Faith," she would say. "You ought to name the little thing Mary or some such sensible name." God knows she's handicapped enough already without havin' t' pack a name like Joy."

But the queer little quirk of defiance in Faith's Jensen's normally yielding nature persisted.

"I'm a-goin' t' call her Joy."

And that was the last word.

So little Joy grew up. She herself had a queer personality, withal it was sweet and lovable. At home she was the incarnate personification of her name, Joy. She made the little rickety tumble-down house of "Grandpaw" Jensen fairly bubble with delight.

But on the streets of Eden and in Eden's two-story public school—well, it was in these places that Joy's Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde disposition became apparent.

For here she was sullen and moody, sometimes cringing, sometimes defiant, sometimes bitter and sometimes sarcastic.

Joy Jensen had paid heavy penance by "staying in" recesses and nights for two weeks to atone for her crime of fighting. For Joy had been too proud to tell the teacher why she had fought. And it is doubtful whether a confession would have helped matters, because Banker Woods, father of the injured Gladys, was also president of the school board and a big man in Eden.

The heart of Joy Jensen might have been permanently broken by this episode if it had not been for the note John Woods slipped into her reading book when he handed it back to her. The note was written in a boyish scrawl.

It read:

"Don't feel so bad, Joy. Gladys has no right to call your mother names. I don't blame you for wanting to fight."

Those few penciled words warmed Joy's cold little heart thru and thru.

John Woods was Gladys Woods' brother. He was the most popular boy in school and the only young person of Eden who had ever treated Joy Jensen as a human being.

The years slipped on.

One day "Grandpaw" Jensen went to take his afternoon nap. He forgot to awaken.

Two days later they laid him away by "Grandmaw" in the little cemetery on the hill, his tired old body protected by a cheap pine coffin and wrapped in the flag he'd been willing to die to protect.

Faith and Joy went home to an empty house.

And if it had been hard before it was harder now. For the beginnings of "Grandpaw's" last long sleep meant the end of the monthly pension. The Government paid for the cheap pine coffin and the cotton flag and then officially it said good-by to "Grandpaw" dear ones.

Her Face Was Ashy Pale, Her Voice Quivered Not an Atom as She Answered Him. "Take Your Money," She Said Slowly. "Pick It Up."

NOW Faith Jensen may have been the village Magdalene and a bad woman, but no one in Eden would deny that she was a rattling fine washerwoman.

So Faith bent her frail body over the washtub. And Joy, hurrying home from school every day would empty the water, wipe up the floor, and finish hanging the clothes out onto the line to dry.

In the early morning or under cover of a sheltering evening dusk she would drag out the rickety little express wagon. "Grandpaw" had bought her in the old days and she would deliver a complete washing at one place and call for another at the next.

It was a hard life.

It would have been hard for a calloused boy who possessed a don't-care-what-they-think disposition.

It was hard, hard for Joy, a shy, sensitive young girl now in high school.

"We've got to stick it out, Joy." Faith would encourage. "When your education's thru we'll feel like we done got out of Eden"—to gentle-hearted Faith desire.

And at last, on leaden wings, Joy's senior year in high school arrived, the last semester, the last month, the very last week came at last.

Joy will never be able to forget that last week. It was so filled with heartaches, so throbbing with misery and—yes, so pulsing with joy.

The misery had begun early in the semester. Joy was the honor pupil in the class and eligibility to take part in the class play was reckoned by honors in scholarship. Yet when the cast was selected Joy Jensen held not even the most insignificant role in the play, while stupid, silly little Gladys Woods, who had flunked algebra three terms straight and was graduating this year only by the grace of the school authorities and the united efforts of John and her brother in the same class, and a specially hired tutor, found herself in full possession of the stellar role.

So it is in life.

That night Joy Jensen cried herself to sleep. This thing and dozens of others had made of this long-desired last semester of school a heart-breaking misery.

The misery culminated on the night before graduation. It had been the night of class day exercises. Joy had been present, altho she had no part in the entertainment.

After the exercises the senior class waited, by request, to practice marching into the church in preparation of the great event tomorrow—graduation.

They lined up alphabetically. Pretty Laura Jenkins' spoiled little face clouded with anger when she found that by reason of the initial letter of her name she must march with the daughter of Eden's Magdalene.

It might have been all right in the schoolroom, but before everybody, on the one big night of nights—well, it was just too much and she wouldn't do it, no there!

With tiny foot stamping and eyes flashing she advised the young high school professor of her opinion as they stood just outside of the group.

Now Joy Jensen had heard never a word, but she had an uncanny instinct, born of years of rebuffs and slights, so when the young professor came back to the line, his face a bit flushed with annoyance, and told the class he'd decided they should march in single file she knew in an instant just what had happened.

It is always when human beings plumb the lowest depths of despair that the mountain height of joy looms into sight.

It happened so with Joy.

On the footbridge that led directly to her shabby little home on the outskirts of Eden, Joy paused. She wanted to be calm when she met Faith, who would be waiting for her. She looked dumbly up at the stars marching serenely by in their age-old procession. How calm and unwavering and unyielding they were. How she longed to be like that.

On her ears fell the sound of running footsteps. A boyish figure came within the range of her vision. She knew at once who it was. That jaunty, self-assurance of the shoulders betrayed him.

It was John Woods.

He wanted to talk with her. She knew it instinctively. This talk had been coming for a long time. Because even across the deepest, widest barrier than human minds can erect the heart will speak.

He was a bit breathless.

"It's a darn shame, Joy," he said in his direct, boyish fashion. "You're so much better than Laura Jenkins that she's not fit to tie your shoelaces."

Afterward neither the boy nor the girl could tell how it happened, but she was in his arms, her head was on his shoulder and he was saying simply, sincerely, "I love you, Joy. I'm going to marry you. And when you're my wife just let them dare say anything about you—just let them dare."

A few minutes later she slipped away from him. Her face was flushed with happiness, her eyes shone like stars, and around her heart was a wonderful warmth that made the whole world beautiful.

And on the next day—graduation day—the warmth was going in her radiant rose-colored dream world that Banker Woods had a talk with his son.

He approached the matter very abruptly, and without the usual tact with which he was supposed always to handle a delicate situation.

"What's this I hear about you and that Jensen girl, John?"

John Woods' clear eyes met his father's levelly, man to man. "Let me know what you've heard and I'll tell you whether or not it's true."

"Your mother tells me that your sister says the whole town is talking of your affair with that Jensen girl."

"My affair with Jensen girl!" John's voice was so calm that it should have warned his father. "My affair?"

"Yes," the retort came hotly. "Yes, your affair with that Jensen hussy. You may have to have your fling, sow your wild oats and all that, but for God's sake remember your mother and sister and don't get mixed up publicly with that that Jensen baggage—"

(Continued on Page 25.)

Continuing the Exciting Story of Russian Intrigues and Plots

The Inner Circle

By Crittenden Marriott

A Summary of the Previous Installment

Tom Wilkins, after declaring his love for Florence, confessed to her that his brother Bill was alive and had got all the gold out of the Orkney and cached it ashore. Bill also had a small schooner and was preparing to reach Stockholm with his treasure, from whence he would take passage to New York. Tom and Florence decided that if they could also reach New York they would be promptly married.

That night the rancher and the showgirl disappeared from the Sea Spume. A red light was found hanging in the porthole of the girl's cabin. The ship's divers reported that the Orkney's strong boxes had been plundered of the gold. While the Sea Spume steamed away to escape shots being fired at it from a cliff, another startling discovery was reported—Professor Shishkin evidently was not aboard the yacht.

At this point of the story Marie Fitzhugh had admitted her love for Caruth, but there were reasons, she repeated, why she could not marry him, despite his urgent pleadings.

The Sea Spume arrived in St. Petersburg harbor. The first person recognized by Caruth, when once ashore, was Bristow, who told Caruth the truth about Florence Gage, the Professor's real daughter was now Mrs. Bristow, he announced. Bristow agreed to aid Caruth in the latter's efforts to secure an audience among the Inner Circle.

This story began in No. 2, the Ledger for Jan. 14. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XVI.

BRISTOW'S efforts to secure Caruth an audience before the Inner Circle proved more successful than the reporter had dared to hope. His request, once started on its way, was transmitted with amazing rapidity. The very next afternoon a messenger came for Caruth and took him by train to Gatschina, a small town an hour's ride away. There he was led to the door of a room in a small house and told to walk in.

Half a dozen men seated around a table looked up as he entered, and the one at the head addressed him in fair English.

"Mr. Caruth?" he questioned. "Yes? I am Sergius Lermantoff. Take a seat, please, Mr. Caruth."

Caruth sat down with a strong feeling of disappointment. Could these be the members of the famqus Inner Circle, before which the mighty Czar quailed, and under whose menace the atrocities formerly perpetrated on helpless prisoners had recently come to an end? Certainly they did not look it? Four of them appeared to be stolid peasants, and the other two, including the leader, while more intelligent-looking, did not look at all above the grade of the average immigrant to the United States.

Lermantoff addressed him again. "The Brotherhood wishes to thank you, Mr. Caruth, for your assistance in trying to regain the treasure of the Orkney. It would be glad if you would answer it some questions about the circumstance at Burndo I am the only one here who speaks English, so I must act as interpreter."

Caruth nodded, glad enough to give any information that might dispose the Cirole favorably toward him later in the proceedings.

"I'll answer them with pleasure," he responded.

Then followed a series of questions regarding the trip of the Sea Spume, and the details of her stay at Burndo, all tending to elucidate every phase of the proceedings. Taken together, they amounted to a cross-examination as keen and searching as any he had ever known in a New York courtroom. Under their spur, Caruth felt his respect for the other rising and began to understand why he had attained his present power.

At last the examination ended. Lermantoff translated the last answer to his companions; then turned back to Caruth. "Now, Mr. Caruth——" he said.

During the questioning Caruth had studied every detail of the room, hoping to find something that would show the presence near at hand of the girl on whom he had set his heart; but he had looked in vain. Now at last, with a tightening around his heart, he realized that his time had come, and he summoned all his faculties for the contest.

"Mr. Lermantoff," he began, "you understand, of course, that I embarked in this enterprise for selfish motives. I make no pretenses. I sympathize with the Russian people in their fight for liberty, but I did not and do not sympathize with them enough to risk my life and liberty for their sake. I came to Russia simply and solely because I hoped to aid the lady whom I know only as Miss Fitzhugh."

The leader nodded. "Most men have selfish or partly selfish motives for what they do," he agreed, with a suspicion of a smile. "Your motive is quite clear; I take it you expected Marie Fitzhugh to reward you."

"I hope she might. From the moment I saw her, I wanted her for my wife. That was why I kept silence in New York when my valet was murdered, and thereby saved your scheme from being wrecked at the outset. That was why I came to Russia. That is why I am here."

"Well, what did she tell you? Why do you come to us?"

Caruth threw out his hands. "Don't fence with me," he protested. "You know what she told me. You know you took her vows—the vows of a mere child—to devote her life and her beauty to your cause. You know that you are holding her practically for sale to the highest bidder—to him who will do most for that cause. It isn't fair! It is an outrage on womanhood. It is trafficking in all that is holiest and highest in life. No cause will prosper that depends on such methods. Be advised! She has done her best for you. She had done more than most women could do. Release her! Let her marry me—if she will."

Caruth's breath came quick and fast. His words tumbled over each other With outflung hands, he leaned forward across the heavy table.

Thoughtfully Lermantoff studied his face. "Mr. Caruth," he said slowly, "all your life you have had everything you wanted. This is probably the first time you have had to fight and wait and hope for anything. You find it hard. Further, you are young. Your own happiness and the girl's seem to you the most important things in the world. Really, they are not. What difference will it make to the world one hundred years from now whether you two marry or not? But it will make a great difference one hundred years from now whether the Russian people have won their freedom or not. We have trained Marie Fitzhugh for the work she has to do. We have no one in all the Brotherhood who can do that work so well. To give her up—to surrender this tool that we have fashioned so carefully—is to set back the cause by no one knows how many years. Consider a moment, Mr. Caruth! She went to New York and enlisted your cooperation with all your wealth and influence within an hour after she had landed. And do not think that it was all her beauty; it was more—it was her personality. Do I not know it? Have I not felt it myself?"

The speaker paused. Caruth, reading an unsuspected meaning in his last words, and foreseeing complications, caught his breath, but Lermantoff gave him no time to consider. With unmistakable, tho suppressed, emotion, he went on:

"Such powers as hers are mighty, not to be thrown lightly away. They have been reserved for some great end, for some moment when they might turn the scale of Russia's destiny. For this reason I have denied myself."

"What?"

"Yes! I tell you! Myself!" The man leaned forward, face aglow. His sinewy hands, clinched, thundered on the table. "What! Think you I have lived beside her and not loved her! Am I a dolt or a stone? Am I less a man because I am pledged to the Brotherhood? No, no, Mr. Caruth! I love her, love her—and I have denied myself. Shall I now yield her to you?"

Both men had forgotten the others. They might have been alone in a wilderness, for all heed they took of listeners. The one subject in their minds swallowed up all else.

Caruth moistened his dry lips. "She does not love you," he muttered despairingly.

Lermantoff sank back, the fire dying from his eyes. "No," he answered sadly, "she does not love me. Perhaps that was why. Oh, we are poor creatures, we men! We do not even know our own motives." He brushed back a lock of hair that had fallen over his brow. "She does not love me, and she does love you. Therefore—oh, I am a sentimentalist after all—therefore, I would give her to you were it even at Russia's expense, if I alone had the power. But I have not. I am only one. The interests of the Brotherhood must be consulted."

"What does the Brotherhood demand?" Caruth's tones were firmer now. Hope had begun to glimmer.

"The Brotherhood has fashioned a tool for its use; you want that tool. The Brotherhood will not—dare not—give it to you. But the Brotherhood is poor, and you are rich. It will sell it to you—at a great price. What will you give?"

Caruth moved restlessly. It was shocking to him that Marie should be made a subject of bargain and sale. "I cannot chaffer over such a subject," he cried. "Tell me what you want, and I will pay it if it is in my power. You say right. I am rich—not rich like many of my countrymen, but rich by ordinary standards. Tell me what you want, and I will pay it if I can."

"The Brotherhood wants a million dollars."

Caruth did not hesitate. "You shall have it," he answered. "But you will have to give me time to get it for you. I have not a tithe of the sum in ready cash. I shall have to go to New York and sell property. It may take two months. I will give you my note for the sum at two months if you will take it."

Lermantoff bowed. "We will take it," he answered.

"And—and—you will trust me? I may take her away with me?"

"Assuredly! The Brotherhood trusts no one; it has no need to do so. Marie Fitzhugh will be as much within its reach in New York as she is in this house. No one can betray or deceive the Brotherhood and live to enjoy it."

Caruth's face grew stern. "I understand that this million dollars buys the lady's release absolutely. You will give up all hold on her, all claim over her. You will tell her so, and release her from her vows in my presence?"

Lermantoff nodded. "That is the understanding," he said. Turning, he said a few words to the man by his side, and that individual rose and went out. "I have sent for Marie," he explained.

Caruth sprang to his feet. "You—you will not tell her that I have—have bought her?" he pleaded.

The other shook his head. "Have no fear," he answered gently. "Remember! I love her, too."

In a moment the man was back. With him came Marie. When she saw Caruth, she stopped short, gasping, with distended eyes. "You!" she muttered. "You here!"

Caruth caught both her hands in his. "Yes!" he cried. "Yes! And it's all right! All right! The Brotherhood has given you to me."

With joy dawning in her frightened eyes, the girl turned to the others.

Lermantoff caught her glance and nodded. "Marie Fitzhugh," he said solemnly, "For reasons that seem good to it, the Brotherhood has decided to send you to America to aid in creating sympathy for the Russian people there. You will go with Mr. Caruth to St. Petersburg, to the American Embassy, and marry him there, and go with him to the United States. You are hereby released from all obligatoins to the Brotherhood and from all your vows. Such service as you may render hereafter will

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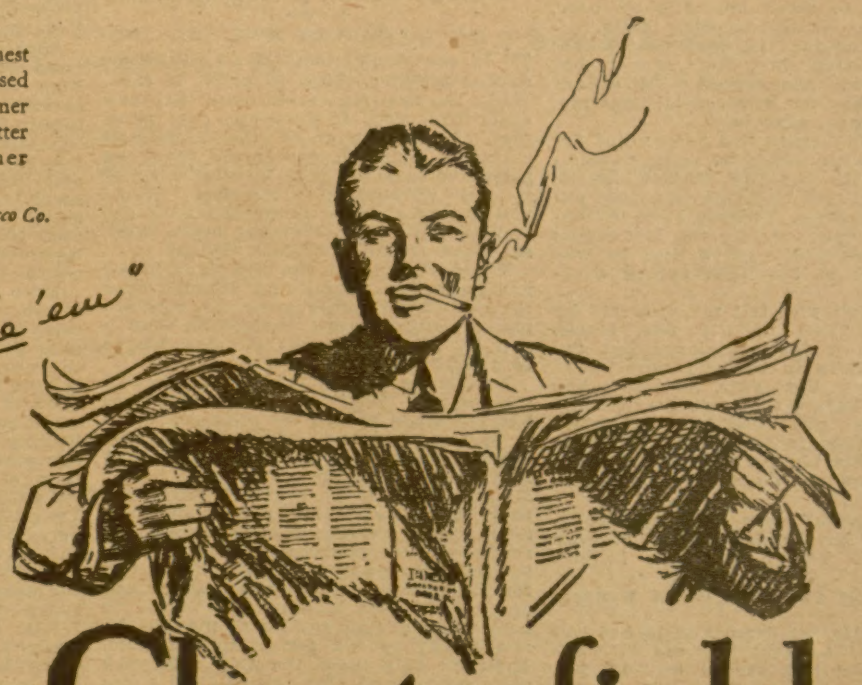

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be purely voluntary. As chief of the Brotherhood, I tell you this in Mr. Caruth's presence."

HALF an hour later, Caruth and Marie were alone in a compartment on the train bound for St. Petersburg.

Marie wore the dress of a laborer. Her lovely hair, coiled on top of her head, was concealed beneath a rough cap. Her coat collar, turned up around her neck, hid her slim throat, while a heavy beard, hastily affixed, concealed the outlines of her oval face. With her nether limbs thrust into a pair of workingman's trousers, and her feet hidden in heavy boots, she bore no resemblance to the fashionably dressed woman for whom the police were watching so eagerly.

Caruth, however, did not seem to mind her costume. "To think I've got you at last!" he cried. "After all these days and days of doubt and anxiety, I can scarcely believe it."

The girl shuddered slightly. "I'm afraid—oh, I'm horribly afraid that something will happen yet to prevent. I didn't use to be afraid of anything! I always thought that I could face whatever came without quailing, but now—now I'm a very woman, dear! Love has made me timid. I don't think I could bear it if I were caught now."

"Caught! You can't be and shan't be. Why, we are half way to St. Petersburg."

"Not quite yet! And even if we were—oh, I'm afraid. Lermantoff is not an alarmist. He never speaks without good reason. No one else could have persuaded me to wear this ridiculous disguise."

Caruth grinned. "We'll keep it as a memento of our honeymoon," he observed. "Don't worry. A good many wives don the trousers after marriage; you are only anticipating a little. And I don't think you need be afraid. I can't see a cloud on the——"

He broke off as a shadow fell across the compartment, darkening the window, and a voice, rough and strained, flung a brief sentence into the interior—a sentence that made Marie spring up in terror.

A man was standing on the running-board, hanging to the casement. A glance at the cap he wore told that he was one of the guards (or brakemen) of the train. Volubly he sputtered in harsh-sounding Russian and eagerly Marie drank in his words. Then as suddenly as he had come, he was gone.

Marie sank back on the cushions, and Caruth could see that she had grown deathly white.

"It wasn't to be, dear love," she gasped. "It wasn't to be."

Caruth gazed at her in consternation. This cowering woman was not the brave girl he remembered. Love had indeed robbed her of her courage.

"What is it? What is it?" he importuned, sinking down beside her. "Lermantoff shall not back out now. He shall not take you away from me. If he tries——"

"It isn't Lermantoff. It's the police. They know I am here. They know my disguise. They know I am on this train! They are only waiting till it stops to seize me. The guard is one of our men. He came along the footboard at the risk of his life to warn me. It's all over, dear. I'll never see America again."

For an instant the girl sobbed on; then she buried her hot face in her hands. "Oh!" she wailed. "I cannot bear it! I had not realized it! Save me! For God's sake, save me!"

All his life Caruth had been noted for the speed with which he came to decisions, and the rapidity with which he acted upon them, and this, his most exciting experience, furnished no exception to the rule. Before the last words had fallen from the girl's lips, he was slipping out of his light spring overcoat.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" he exclaimed. "You cut it fine, Marie. Why"—with a fleeting glance out the window—"we're in the city now!"

They were, but fear, like love, has wings, and before the train reached the station the girl had been disguised afresh. Clothed in Caruth's stylish overcoat, with his big fur cap drawn down over her ears, she made a very presentable boy.

Caruth looked her over critically. "You'll do," he decided. "Now, where's your pistol. You've got one, haven't you?"

"Yes." The girl drew it out wonderingly.

"Good!" He sat down and leaned forward. "Now," he said, "hit me with the barrel of your revolver. Here!" He laid his finger on his forehead just at the bottom of the hair. "Hit hard," he concluded, "and when the train gets into the station put out for the American Embassy and stay there till I come. Now hit!"

The girl shrank back. "Are you mad?" she breathed.

"You must do it. It's the only way to lend artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative, as our friend the Mikado once said. Don't be afraid; my skull is thick, and you won't hurt me seriously. Quick! Think that I am General Somebodyoffski and hit—hit hard. Quick!"

The girl's eyes grew big with tears. "I did not think there lived such a man as you," she breathed. "Now I understand why your great country is free."

"The train is stopping. Quick!"

Despairingly, the girl glanced around. Then she lifted the heavy revolver and struck, and without a moan Caruth sank unconscious.

For a moment Marie stood gazing at her handiwork. Then a great sob shook her frame, and she bent down and pressed her lips to the purpling wound.

"Forgive, forgive!" she cried. "If it had been life alone—Oh, love, forgive, forgive!"

The next moment she was gone.

She Lifted the Heavy Revolver and Struck, and Without a Moan Caruth Sank Unconscious.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT IS one thing to embark on adventure and another thing to carry it thru. While the first step costs more than any other one step, it does not cost more than the aggregate of the rest, and certainly does not cost more than the period of suspense that inevitably comes in any prolonged enterprise. All of which serves as an introduction to the statement that tho Florence began well, she soon sickened of her venture.

When she placed the red light in her port on the Sea Spume and dropped over the side into Wilkins' arms, she contemplated nothing more unpleasant than a sail by night over the dancing waves to a safe port.

But things did not turn out as she had anticipated. They seldom do. Scarcely had the sloop gained the open sea when it became apparent that it was too heavily laden. The wind was only ordinarily fresh, and the waves were not at all dangerous to an ordinary craft; yet they broke continually over the rail. Soon it was evident that to attempt to run across the open channel to the Swedish coast would be suicidal, and to run for Copenhagen even more so. Much against his will, Wilkins was forced to keep south around the lee of the islands, and finally to run for a Russian port. Even on this tack, the trip was very dangerous, and for more than three hours Florence, who had never before done any work harder than carrying a spear in the front rank of the chorus, had to toil strenuously helping to pump out the water that poured in unceasingly.

Nor were matters greatly improved when at last the sloop won to the port of Helsingfors and dropped anchor along with other fishing-smacks in the bay, where her passengers hoped to lie unnoticed while Bill Wilkins, who alone spoke Russian, ran up to St. Petersburg to try to find a steamer whose captain would consent, for a sufficiently large remuneration, to clear for a foreign port and then run out of his course close to Helsingfors, to take the gold on board. Such a captain once found, and signals arranged, Bill would return to Helsingfors to join the others and help take the schooner out to meet the vessel.

Tom Wilkins stood the monotony of waiting very well. Used to the loneliness of the plains, his own thoughts sufficed. But Florence had no resources in herself. Accustomed to the clatter of New York, she had been bored even by the quietness of the life on the Sea Spume, and this was ten times worse. Day after day she did nothing but twirl her fingers and think about Baron Demidroff and the wonderful tale of Princess Yves Napraxine.

Such was her mood on the third afternoon of her imprisonment, when Wilkins, with a fatuity scarcely credible, attempted to cheer her up by making love to her. Florence promptly went into hysterics, and Wilkins had the time of his life in quieting her. That night, after pretending to go to bed, she slipped away, rowing herself ashore in the only small boat belonging to the sloop, and took the night train for St. Petersburg. By the time that Wilkins missed her she was at the office of Baron Demidroff.

Even when there, however, she found it none too easy to reach the Baron. Totally ignorant of the language, and unable to ask her way, she had to trust to luck, and luck did not favor her. It was late in the afternoon—the afternoon of the same day and at about the same hour when Caruth and Marie were leaving Gatchina—that she at last found her way to the Baron's office and sent in a card inscribed with Olga's name, but with the additional words, "Princess Yves Napraxine," penciled in the corner.

But after that events moved fast. Scarcely had her card vanished when the door was flung open and the Baron rushed in, both hands extended.

"Ah, Madame la Princess!" he exclaimed. "To think of seeing you here! Come in! Come in!" Eagerly he urged her toward the inner office, pouring out the while a flood of welcomings. "Well! Well!" he exclaimed. "To think of it. Where did you come from, Princess? Where have you been all these days?"

Florence seated herself and stared at him with cool insolence. Instinctively she knew that she would gain nothing by softness any more than she had from the "Johnnies" in New York. Men were all alike, she decided, and the weeping, clinging girl was a back number. "Back off! Back off!" she ordered. "I'm not telling where I've been yet."

"But the gold, Princess! The gold!"

"The gold is all to the downy. It's where I can put my hand on it. You see, Baron, I'm one of the new woman push, and I ain't trusting anybody. You might play fair if I turned the stuff over to you, and you might not. The safe side for me every time. That's why I got me suitors to carry it off and hide it away till I got guarantees."

Instead of showing vexation, the Baron chuckled. Such impudence from one altogether in his power was refreshing. Florence had made no mistake in her treatment of him. The Baron admired any one who was clever enough to see thru him. Besides, the girl was very handsome.

"What guarantees do you want, Princess?" he asked soberly.

Florence hesitated; she did not know what to ask. "I want to see the proofs," she declared vaguely. "You hand me a jolly about strawberry mark and me lost ancestors and ask me to turn over five million dollars in return. It ain't good enough! See? I'd rather keep the five million dollars meself, if there's any doubt about the thing."

"Quite reasonable! Quite reasonable!" The Baron nodded. "The proofs are largely documentary. I will send for them. Meanwhile——"

THE Baron paused for a moment; then went on. "Princess," he said, "I will be frank with you. I see that you are not one to be deceived. With a fair face you unite the cool head of a man——"

"Cut it out! Cut it out!"

"It is the truth. But you do not know Russia. Here every man has his price. Every one is making himself rich. What you call graft flourishes. You are the Princess Yves Napraxine; that is true. You are heiress to enormous wealth; that also is true. But if you think that all you have to do is to come forward and show who you are, in order to get that rank and wealth, you know little of Russia. Your estates are in the hands of a trustee who has grown rich in caring for them. Think you he will readily give them up? Never! He is a powerful man—one who stands in a high place. Once he hears of you, you will disappear, unless protected by a power as strong or stronger than his—in fact, Princess, unless protected by me."

Florence nodded. The Baron's words were really a relief to her. It was quite believable that a man who had had the control of twenty millions for ten years would fight to retain that control, and that they could easily dispose of a lone woman, irrespective of the fact that she was really an impostor. But if the Baron were ready to back and protect her, as he seemed to imply, the situation would be changed.

"You're all to the good, Baron," she agreed. "Go on and tell me. I'm from Missouri, you know."

"This trustee is my enemy, Princess," went on Demidroff. For years he has been trying to ruin me. In the effort, he has used the power of your millions unscrupulously. A year ago I concluded that I must wrest the control of those millions from him, or he would destroy me. I set on foot inquiries which led me to you. The Nihilists thought they had you brought to Russia. Well, so they did, but it was I that pulled the strings. I brought you here to wrest Count Strogoff's wealth from him. By my aid, you can win money and place; by your aid, I shall triumph over the Count. United, we shall win everything; divided, we both lose. But I must help you before you will be able to help me. It is really I that should demand guarantees, Princess."

"And the Orkney's gold?" she questioned.

"The Orkney's gold? I want it! Yes, but only to aid me to aid you. If I recover it, I win my Imperial Master's favor and I pave the way for your recognition. On the other hand, failure will lose me that confidence, and make it harder for me to triumph over Count Strogoff and help you. Except for this, the gold counts for comparatively little. Your estates are worth five times as much."

"I see."

"Now, Princess, I will make you a proposal. You are a woman, clever, young, and beautiful, but weak; I am a bachelor, not very young, but not yet very old, and I am powerful, and power is what you need. Madame la Princess, will you do me the honor to become my wife?"

Florence's breath was taken away with a vengeance. That she, the variety actress of a month before, should be receiving a proposal of marriage from the chief of the Russian secret police was past belief. "Gee!" she muttered. "What's coming next? If the pipe don't go out and I don't wake up, the first thing I know the Czarski'll be asking me to share his bomb-proof cottage with him."

Scarcely she heard the Baron's words: "My family, tho noble, is by no means on a par with yours, Princess," he said. "Still your union with me cannot be termed a mesalliance. Will you not accept my hand, Princess?"

The daze was passing away, and Florence was regaining command of herself. "Gee!" she muttered desperately. "Gee! he's a nice old fellow, anyway, and I don't know but what—Gee!" She looked up at the Baron. "I must think!" she cried, distractedly.

"Assuredly, Princess! But remember that, tho I do not talk of sentiment,

(Continued on Page 12.)

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Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

Co..... State.....

Please print your name and address plainly.

(Continued From Page 10.)

for you might think me deceitful, yet I feel it, Princess. I am not so old that I cannot admire and love—yes, love, Princess. But I will leave that till later. Just now remember that I can give you everything, and that I offer myself as a guarantee of my truth. Can I say more?"

"No! No!" Florence had found her tongue at last. "No! No! You can't say more. And I'll accept if I can. I will, honest. But I must think. I must talk to my friends on the Sea Spume."

The Baron nodded. "Perhaps I can save you the necessity of going on board," he said. "I will send for some one whom you will be glad to see."

Demidroff touched a bell and gave an order in Russian. An instant later the door was pushed open.

Professor Shishkin stood on the threshold!"

Now comes the showgirl's supreme test of loyalty and wisdom. Next week's Ledger will bare her decision. Don't miss the next installment.

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Tangled Trails

(Continued From Page 4)

rider, no mistake about that."

"So's that Kirby Lane. You needn't think I'm going to let you beat yourself out of the championship. Not so any one could notice it. Hop out, sir."

He rose, smiling ruefully. "You certainly are one bossy kind."

"I'd say you need bossing when you start to act so foolish," she retorted, flushing.

"See you later," he called to her by way of good-by.

As the ambulance drove away she waved cheerfully at him a gauntleted hand.

The cowpuncher turned back to the arena. The megaphone man was announcing that the contest for the world's rough-riding championship would now be resumed.

CHAPTER III.
FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

THE less expert riders had been weeded out in the past two days. Only the champions of their respective sections were still in the running. One after another these lean, brown men, chap-clad and bowlegged, came forward dragging their saddles and clamped themselves to the backs of hurricane outlaws which pitched, bucked, crashed into fences, and toppled over backward in their frenzied efforts to dislodge the human clothespins fastened to them.

The bronco busters endured the usual luck of the day. Two were thrown and picked themselves out of the dust, chagrined and damaged, but still grinning. One drew a tame horse not to be driven into resistance either by fanning or scratching. Most of the riders emerged from the ordeal victorious. Meanwhile the spectators in the big grand stand, packed close as small apples in a box, watched every rider and snatched at its thrills just as such crowds have done from the time of Caligula.

Kirby Lane, from his seat on the fence among a group of cowpunchers, watched each rider no less closely. It chanced that he came last on the programme for the day. When Cole Sanborn was in the saddle he made an audible comment.

"I'm lookin' at the next champion of the world," he announced.

"Not onless you've got a lookin'-glass with you, old alkali," a small berry-brown youth in yellow-wool chaps retorted.

Sanborn was astride a noted outlaw known as Jazz. The horse was a sorrel, and it knew all the tricks of its kind. It went sunfishing, tried weaving and fence-rowing, at last toppled over backward after a frantic leap upward. The rider, long-bodied and lithe, rode like a centaur. Except for the moment when he stepped out of the saddle as the outlaw fell on its back, he stuck to his seat as tho he were glued to it.

"He's a right limber young fellow, an' he sure can ride. I'll say that," admitted one old cattleman.

"They don't grow no better busters," another man spoke up. He was a neighbor of Sanborn and had his local pride. "From where I come from we'll put our last nickel on Cole, you betcha. He's top hand with a rope, too."

"Hump! Kirby, here, can make him look like thirty cents, top of a bronc or with a lariat either one," the yellow-chapped vaquero flung out bluntly.

Lane looked at his champion, a trifle annoyed. "What's the use o' talkin' foolishness, Kent? I never saw the day I had anything on Cole."

"Beat him at Pendleton," didn't you?"

"Luck. I drew the best horses." To Sanborn, who had finished his job and was straddling widelegged toward the group, Kirby threw up a hand of greeting. "Good work, ole-timer. You're sure hell-a-mile on a bronc."

"Kirby Lane on Wild Fire," shouted the announcer.

Lane slid from the fence and reached for his saddle.

As he lunged forward, moving with indolent grace, one might have guessed him a Southerner. He was lean-loined and broad-shouldered. The long, flowing muscles rippled under his skin when he moved like those of a panther. From beneath the band of his pinched-in hat crisp, reddish hair escaped.

Wild Fire was off the instant his feet found the stirrups. Again the outlaw went thru its bag of tricks and its straight bucking. The man in the saddle gave it its every motion lightly and easily. He rode with such grace that he seemed almost a part of the horse. His reactions appeared to anticipate the impulses of the screaming fiend which he was astride. When Wild Fire jolted him with humpbacked jarring bucks his spine took the shock limply to neutralize the effect. When it leaped heavenward he waved his hat joyously and rode the stirrups. From first to last he was master of the situation, and the outlaw, tho still fighting savagely, knew the battle was lost.

The bronco had one trump card left, a trick that had unseated many a stubborn rider. It plunged sideways at the fence of the inclosure and crashed thru it. Kirby's nerves shrieked with pain, and for a moment everything went black before him. His leg had been jammed hard against the upper plank. But when the haze cleared he was still in the saddle.

The outlaw gave up. It trotted tamely back to the grand stand thru the shredded fragments of pine in the splintered fence, and the grand stand rose to its feet with a shout of applause for the rider.

Kirby slipped from the saddle and limped back to his fellows on the fence. Already the crowd was pouring out from every exit of the stand. A thousand cars of fifty different makes were snorting impatiently to get out of the jam as soon as possible. For Cheyenne was full, full to overflowing. The town roared with a high tide of jocund life. From all over Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and New Mexico hard-bitten, sunburned youths in high-heeled boots and gaudy attire had gathered for the Frontier Day celebration. Hundreds of cars had poured up from Denver. Trains had disgorged thousands of tourists come to see the festival. Many people would sleep out in automobiles and on the prairie. The late comers at restaurants and hotels would wait long and take second best.

A big cattleman beckoned to Lane. "Place in my car, son. Run you back to town."

One of the judges sat in the tonneau beside the rough rider.

"How's the leg? Hurt much?"

"Not much. I'm noticin' it some," Kirby answered with a smile.

"You'll have to ride tomorrow. It's you and Sanborn for the finals. We haven't quite made up our minds."

The cattleman was an expert driver. He wound in and out among the other cars speeding over the prairie, struck the road before the great majority of the automobiles had reached there, and was in town with the vanguard.

After dinner the rough rider asked the clerk at her hotel if there was any mail for Miss Rose McLean. Three letters were handed him. He put them in his pocket and set out for the hospital.

He found Miss Rose reclining in a hospital chair, in a frame of mind highly indignant. "That doctor talks as tho he's going to keep me here a week. Well, he's got another guess coming. I'll not stay," she exploded to her visitor.

"Now, looky here, you better do as the doc says. He knows best. What's a week in your young life?" Kirby suggested.

"A week's a week, and I don't intend to stay. Why did you limp when you came in? Get hurt?"

"Not really hurt. Jammed my leg against a fence. I drew Wild Fire."

"Did you win the championship?" the girl asked eagerly.

"No. Finals tomorrow. Sanborn an' me. How's the arm? Bone broken?"

"Yes. Oh, it aches some. Be all right soon."

He drew her letters from his pocket. "Stopped to get your mail at the hotel. Thought you'd like to see it."

Wild Rose looked the envelopes over and tore one open.

"From my little sister Esther," she explained. "Mind if I read it? I'm some worried about her. She's been writing kinda funny lately."

As she read, the color ebbed from her face. When she had finished reading the letter Kirby spoke gently.

"Bad news, pardner?"

She nodded, choking. Her eyes, frank and direct, met those of her friend without evasion. It was a heritage of her life in the open that in her relations with men she showed a boylike unconcern of sex.

"Esther's in trouble. She—she——" Rose caught her breath in a stress of emotion.

"If there's anything I can do——"

The girl flung aside the rug that covered her and rose from the chair. She began to pace up and down the room. Presently her thoughts overflowed in words:

"She doesn't say what it is, but—I know her. She's crazy with fear—or heartache—or something." Wild Rose was always quick-tempered, a passionate defender of children and all weak creatures. Now Lane knew that the hot blood was rushing stormily to her heart. Her little sister was in danger, the only near relative she had. She would fight for her as a cougar would for its young. "By the gods, if it's a man—if he's done her wrong—I'll shoot him down like a gray wolf. I'll show him how safe it is to—to——"

She broke down again, clamping tight her small strong teeth to bite back a sob.

He spoke very gently. "Does she say——?"

His sentence hung suspended in air, but the young woman understood its significance.

"No. The letter's just a—a wail of despair. She—talks of suicide. Kirby, I've got to get to Denver on the next train. Find out when it leaves. And I'll send a telegram to her tonight telling her I'll fix it. I will, too."

"Sure. That's the way to talk. Be reasonable an' everything'll work out

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fine. Write your wire an' I'll take it right to the office. Soon as I've got the train schedule I'll come back."

"You're a good pal, Kirby. I always knew you were."

For a moment her left hand fell in his. He looked down at the small, firm, sunbrowned fist. That hand was, as Browning has written, a woman in itself, but it was a woman competent, unafraid, trained hard as nails. She would go thru with whatever she set out to do.

As his eyes rested on the fingers there came to him a swift, unreasoning prescience of impending tragedy. To what dark destiny was she moving?

CHAPTER IV.
NOT ALWAYS TWO TO MAKE A QUARREL.

KIRBY put Wild Rose on the morning train for Denver. She had escaped from the doctor by sheer force of will. The night had been a wretched one, almost sleepless, and she knew that her fever would rise in the afternoon. But that could not be helped. She had more important business than her health to attend to just now.

Ordinarily Rose bloomed with vitality, but this morning she looked tired and worn. In her eyes there was a hard brilliancy Kirby did not like to see. He knew from of old the fire that could blaze in her heart, the insurgent impulses that could sweep her into recklessness. What would she do if the worst she feared turned out to be true?

"Good luck," she called thru the open window as the train pulled out. "Beat Cole, Kirby."

"Good luck to you," he answered "Write me soon as you find out how things are."

But as he walked from the station his heart misgave him. Why had he let her go alone, knowing as he did how swift she blazed to passion when wrong was done those she loved? It was easy enough to say that she had refused to let him go with her, though he had several times offered. The fact remained that she might need a friend at hand, might need him the worst way.

All thru breakfast he was ridden by the fear of trouble on her horizon. Comrades stopped to slap him on the back and wish him good luck in the finals, and tho he made the proper answers it was with the surface of a mind almost wholly preoccupied with another matter.

While he was rising from the table he made a decision in the flash of an eye. He would join Rose in Denver at once. Already dozens of cars were taking the road. There would be a vacant place in some one of them.

He found a party just setting out for Denver and easily made arrangements to take the unfilled seat in the tonneau.

By the middle of the afternoon he was at a boarding-house on Cherokee street inquiring for Miss Rose McLean. She was out, and the landlady did not know when she would be back. Probably after her sister got home from work.

Lane wandered down to Curtis street, sat thru a part of a movie, then restlessly took his way up Seventeenth. He had an uncle and two cousins living in Denver. With the uncle he was on bad terms, and with his cousins on no terms at all. It had been ten years since he had seen either James Cunningham Jr., or his brother Jack. Why not call on them and renew acquaintance?

He went into a drug-store and looked the name up in a telephone book. His Cousin James had an office in the Equitable Building. He hung the book up on the hook and turned to go. As he did so he came face to face with Rose McLean.

"You—here!" she cried.

"Yes, I—I had business in Denver," he explained.

"Like fun you had! You came because ——" She stopped abruptly, struck by another phase of the situation. "Did you leave Cheyenne without riding today?"

"I didn't want to ride. I'm fed up on ridin'."

"You threw away the championship and a thousand-dollar prize to—to——"

"You're forgettin' Cole Sanborn," he laughed. "No, honest, I came on business. But since I'm here—say, Rose, where can we have a talk? Let's go up to the mezzannine gallery at the Albany. It's right next door."

He took her into the Albany Hotel. They stepped out of the elevator at the second floor and he found a settee in a corner where they might be alone. It struck him that the shadows in her eyes had deepened. She was, he could see plainly, laboring under a tension of repressed excitement. The misery of her soul leaped out at him when she looked his way.

"Have you anything to tell me?" he asked, and his low, gentle voice was a comfort to her raw nerves.

"It's a man, just as I thought—the man she works for."

"Is he married?"

"No. Going to be soon, the papers say. He's a wealthy promoter. His name's Cunningham."

"What Cunningham?" In his astonishment the words seemed to leap from him of their own volition.

"James Cunningham, a big land and mining man. You must have heard of him."

"Yes. I've heard of him. Are you sure?"

She nodded. "Esther won't tell me a thing. She's shielding him. But I went thru her letters and found a note from him. It's signed 'J. C.' I accused him point-blank to her and she just put her head down on her arms and sobbed. I know he's the man."

"What do you mean to do?"

"I mean to have a talk with him first off. I'll make him do what's right."

"How?"

"I don't know how, but I will," she cried wildly. "If he don't I'll settle with him. Nothing's too bad for a man like that."

He shook his head. "Not the best way, Rose. Let's be sure of every move we make. Let's check up on this man before we lay down the law to him."

Some arresting quality in him held her eye. He had sought the gay devil-may-care boyishness of the range and taken on a look of strong patience new in her experience of him. But she was worn out and nervous. The pain in her arm throbbed feverishly. Her emotions had held her on a rack for many hours. There was in her no reserve power of endurance.

"No, I'm going to see him and have it out," she flung back.

"Then let me go with you when you see him. You're sick. You ought to be in bed right now. You're in no condition to face it alone."

"Oh, don't baby me, Kirby!" she burst out. "I'm all right. What's it matter if I am fagged. Don't you see? I'm crazy about Esther. I've got to get it settled. I can rest afterward."

"Will it do any harm to take a friend along when you go to see this man?"

"Yes. I don't want him to think I'm afraid of him. You're not in this, Kirby. Esther is my little sister, not yours."

"True enough." A sardonic, mirthless smile touched his face. "But James Cunningham is my uncle, not yours."

"You're uncle?" She rose, staring at him with big, dilated eyes. "He's your uncle, the man who—who——"

"Yes, an' I know him better than you do. We've got to use finesse——"

"I see." Her eyes attacked him scornfully. "You think we'd better not face him with what he's done. You think we'd better go easy on him. Uncle's rich, and he might not like plain words. Oh, I understand now."

Wild Rose flung out a gesture that brushed him from her friendship. She moved past him blazing with anger.

He was at the elevator cage almost as soon as she.

"Listen, Rose. You know better than that. I told you he was my uncle because you'd find it out if I'm goin' to help you. He's no friend of mine, but I know him. He's strong. You can't drive him by threats."

The elevator slid down and stopped. The door of it opened.

"Will you stand aside, sir?" Rose demanded. "I won't have anything to do with any of that villain's family. Don't ever speak to me again."

She stepped into the car. The door clanged shut. Kirby was left standing alone.

CHAPTER V.
COUSINS MEET.

WITH the aid of a tiny looking-glass a young woman was powdering her nose. Lane interrupted her to ask if he might see Mr. Cunningham.

"Name, please?" she parroted pertly, and pressed a button in the switchboard before her.

Presently she reached for the powder-

(Continued on Page 15.)

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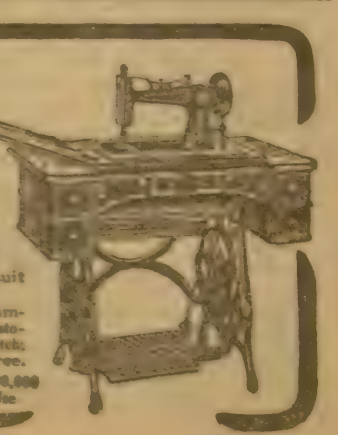

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NOVEL SUGGESTION

"WHAT beautiful things are made of celluloid," said a lady to a shopman; "do you think you could fashion a pipe out of it?"

"Why, madam," exclaimed the shopkeeper, aghast, "don't you know that——"

"Oh, I don't care what it would cost," she interrupted. "I want to give it to my husband as a birthday gift."

No Offense Intended.

Tree was accosted by a stranger in the Haymarket.

"Aren't you Beerbohm Tree?" asked the stranger.

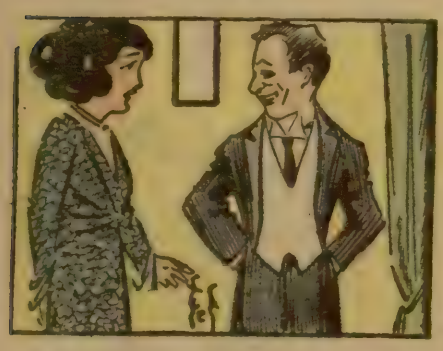
"No," said Tree.

"I'm sorry. I thought you were. You look so like him."

"I assure you, you are mistaken," said Tree.

"Well, I didn't mean to insult you," said the stranger, "but I did think you looked like him."

Courageous.



Wifie—My mother's dinner disagreed with her today.

Hubby—Did it? It's got more courage than I have.

So Sudden.

He was telling her about the members of his football team. "Now, there's Johnson," said he, "in a few weeks he will be our best man."

And then she lisped: "Oh, Jack, this is so sudden!"

The Author's View.

"You frankly confess that your novel failed because of a lack of literary skill?"

"I do," answered the author; "the man who wrote the advertisements was no good."

Maybe Misses.

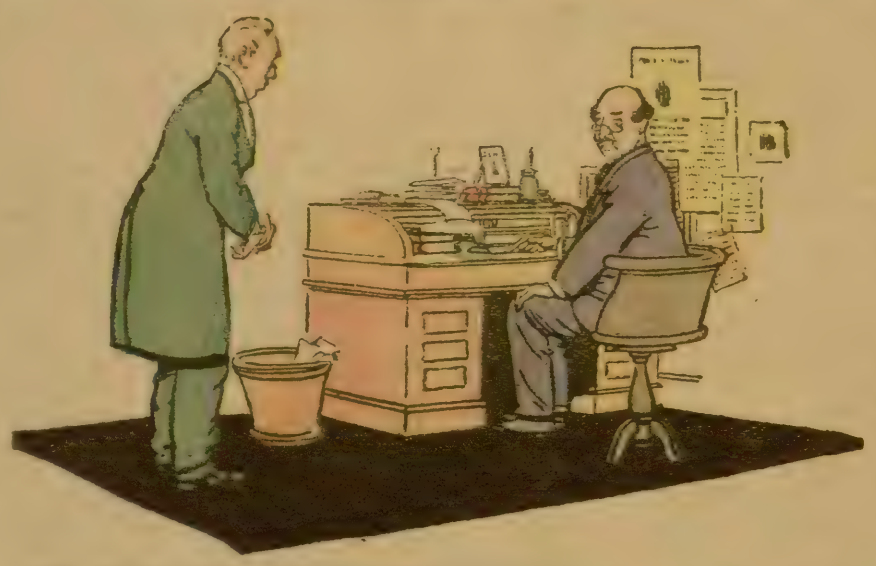
Salesman—Have you a little fairy in your home?

Motorist—No, but I have a little miss in my engine.

SOLID IVORY

IT'S AGIN TH' LAW TO DO UNNECESSARY LABOR ON SUNDAY
THIS AIN'T UNNECESSARY LABOR—HOW DO YA EXPECT ME TO CATCH FISH WITHOUT WORMS?
DONE BY GUNN

HUMANE



"Sir, I have become grayheaded in your service!"

"I know it, but if you want a raise you can't have one. I can, however, give you an excellent recipe for a hair dye."

VERY CARELESS

THE foreman of building operation rushed in to the superintendent.

"That end house had fallen down!" he shouted.

"What!" exclaimed the superintendent. "Was there a cyclone?"

"No," said the foreman, "but that careless guy Flanagan had 'em take down the scaffolding before we got the wallpaper up!"

Saucy Sergeant.

Sergeant—Don't you know how to hold a rifle?

Recruit—I've run a splinter in me finger.

Sergeant (exasperated)—Oh, you have, have you? Bin scratchin' yer head, I suppose!

No Bridge.

Mistress—But why do you want to leave?

Maid—Well, mum, I've always been before where four servants is kept, so as we could 'ave a little bridge in the h'evenings.

The Voice of Experience.

"Mrs. Weatherwell seems to be very much in love with her husband. She calls him up by telephone a half dozen times every day."

"That isn't love, you silly little goose. It's suspicion."

The Finish.

Parmela—Rhoda changed her brown hair to red, in spite of her fiance's pleading not to do so.

Neville—How could she so disregard a loved one's dyeing request?

Got Fooled.

"Si Willow, who married the widow they said had a sweet temper and lots of money, is goin' to sue for a divorce."

"On what grounds?"

"Mistaken identity."

The Retort Crushing.

Traffic Cop—Say, you! Didn't you see me waving at you?

Mirandy—Yes, you fresh thing, and if Henry were here he's paste you one for it.

TOO FRESH.

Oh, be content and don't find fault
With the husband that you've got;
Remember, one wife turned to salt
By turning from her Lot.

Mabel's Little Peeve.

"Doesn't Mabel like her new boarding school?"

"No. She says that every room in the dormitory has a 'No smoking' sign in it."

Mostly!

"Well, Billie," said Uncle George, "how do you stand in school these days?"

"In the corner, mostly," returned Billie.

Why, Indeed?

Mrs. Palmer (looking up from her book)—In some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until after he has married her.

Mr. Palmer (without looking up from his newspaper)—Why mention Africa especially?

An Effectual Effacement.

"I hear that Crimson Gulch's big gaming resort has been closed."

"Yes," replied Three-finger Sam.

"The police got busy at last?"

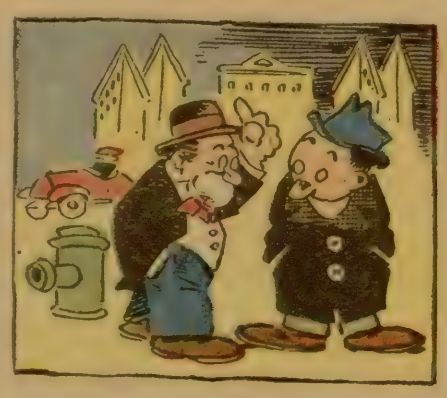
"'Tweren't the police. Cactus Joe had a winnin' streak."

Sticking Close to Her Work.

Her Friend—What is your favorite part of the Bible?

Telephone Girl—The Book of Numbers.

Proof.



The Prospect—You say this car is only slightly used?

Henry Carr—Practically new, sir. The mortgage on it isn't a month old.

Be Careful.

"Darling," he said sadly, "I've lost all my money."

"How careless of you," she replied. "The next thing you know you'll be losing me."

Personally.

"What is the height of happiness?" mused the philosophical girl.

"Well, in my case," laughed the pretty bride, "he is about 5 feet 10."

The Great Race.

Entrants—The cabbage and the garden hose.

Result—The cabbage came out a head, with the garden hose still running.

Before the Charge.

"Shall I go over the top, sir?" asked the talkative barber, poising his scissors.

"Yes, as soon as the gas attack is over," answered the weary customer.

ANOTHER VIEWPOINT

A PROFITEER was talking to a group of young men.

"Look at me," the profiteer said. "Twenty years ago a poor boy, working like a dog, and today I——" He chewed violently on his cigar. "Look at me!" he repeated. "See what I've done for myself."

The young men look at him curiously, and then one of them said: "Your motive's good, of course, but doesn't your family object to your posing as a horrible example in this way?"

A Hard One.

The mathematical marvel was presenting his turn on the vaudeville stage. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "if I fail to give the correct answer to any problem you offer me, I agree to forfeit fifty dollars."

Voice in Audience—Make the date of my wife's birth agree with her present age.

Truthful Betty.

A few days ago 4-year-old Betty Jane dropped and broke a cup. Her mother, wishing to impress upon the child's mind that she must be more careful, said: "Betty, dear, was that an accident?"

The little tot's unexpected reply was: "Oh, no, mother; it was only a cup."

No Present Help.

The Writer—Listen, old man, can you lend me a ten-spot? I don't get my salary until tomorrow.

The Artist—Sorry, old top, but I haven't got a nickel. I got mine yesterday!

She Didn't Keep Up.

"Husband," said the professor's wife suspiciously.

"Yes, my dear?"

"Who is this Violet Ray you are always talking about?"

That's How.

Browne—I never saw any one quite so agile as Brooks. He's a regular contortionist.

Towne—Yes, he gets that way from patting himself on the back so much.

His Excuse.

Irate Coach—Why didn't you tackle that man?

Player—You see, when he came along I was standing on my ear, and the rules forbid tackling from that position.

Got Her Guessing.

"Kate hasn't any confidence in her husband, has she?"

"No. She caught him telling the truth the other day and now she says she can't understand him at all."

The Nicest Part.

"What feature of the average Chautauqua do you like best, Mr. Grimm?"

"The fact that attendance is not compulsory, Mrs. Piffigilder," replied old Gaunt N. Grimm.

Sure!

A man named Sylvester O'Shea,
Who made fifty-two dollars a day,
Wed a girl named Hortense,
And now his expense
Is fifty-two dollars a day.

Discretion.

"Why don't you tell people that you are a good mechanic?"

"And have my neighbors forever wanting me to come over and tinker with their cars? I guess not."

Watchful Waiting.

Little Pat was invited to a party. His host saw he was not paying attention to his plate and asked the reason why.

"Oh," said little Pat, "I am waiting for the mustard to cool."

Readers accustomed to solving the Ledger puzzles will find them on Page 26, under the heading "Something to Make Thinkers Think."

Tangled Trails

(Continued From Page 13.)

puff again. "Says to come right in. Door 't end o' the hall."

Kirby entered. A man sat at a desk telephoning. He was smooth-shaven and rather heavy-set, a year or two beyond 30, with thinning hair on the top of his head. His eyes in repose were hard and chill. From the conversation his visitor gathered that he was a captain in the Red Cross drive that was on.

As he hung up the receiver the man rose, brisk and smiling, hand outstretched. "Glad to meet you, Cousin Kirby. When did you reach town? And how long are you going to stay?"

"Got in hour an' a half ago. How are you, James?"

"Busy, but not too busy to meet old friends. Let me see. I haven't seen you since you were 10 years old, have I?"

"I was about 12. It was when my father moved to Wyoming."

"Well, I'm glad to see you. Where you staying? Eat lunch with me tomorrow, can't you? I'll try to get Jack too."

"Suits me fine," agreed Kirby.

"Anything I can do for you in the meantime?"

"Yes. I want to see Uncle James."

There was a film of wariness in the eyes of the oil broker as he looked at the straight, clean-built young cattleman. He knew that the strong face, brown as Wyoming, expressed a pungent personality back of which was dynamic force. What did Lane want with his uncle? They had quarreled. His cousin knew that. Did young Lane expect him to back his side of the quarrel? Or did he want to win back favor with James Cunningham, Senior, millionaire?

Kirby smiled. He guessed what the other was thinking. "I don't want to interfere in your friendship with him. All I need is his address and a little information. I've come to have another row with him, I reckon."

The interest in Cunningham's eyes quickened. He laughed. "Aren't you in bad enough already with Uncle? Why another quarrel?"

"This isn't on my account. There's a girl in his office——"

A rap on the door interrupted Kirby. A young man walked into the room. He was a good-looking young exquisite, dark-eyed and black-haired. His clothes had been made by one of the best tailors in New York. Moreover, he knew how to wear them.

James Cunningham, Junior, introduced him to Kirby as his cousin Jack. After a few moments of talk the broker reverted to the subject of their previous talk.

"Kirby was just telling me that he has come to Denver to meet Uncle James," he explained to his brother. "Some difficulty with him, I understand."

Jack Cunningham's black eyes fastened on his cousin. He waited for further information. It was plain he was interested.

"I'm not quite sure of my facts," Lane said. "But there's evidence to show that he has ruined a young girl in his office. She practically admits that he's the man. I happen to be a friend of her family, an' I'm goin' to call him to account. He can't get away with it."

Kirby chanced to be looking at his cousin Jack. What he saw in that young man's eyes surprised him. There were astonishment, incredulity, and finally a cunning narrowing of the black pupils.

It was James who spoke. His face was grave. "That's a serious charge, Kirby," he said. "What is the name of the young woman?"

"I'd rather not give it—except to Uncle James himself."

"Better write it," suggested Jack with a reminiscent laugh. "He's a bit impetuous. I saw him throw a man down the stairs yesterday. Picked the fellow up at the foot of the flight. He certainly looked as tho he'd like to murder our dear uncle."

"What I'd like to know is this," said Lane. "What sort of a reputation has Uncle James in this way? Have you ever heard of his bein' in anything of this sort before?"

"No, I haven't," James said promptly.

Jack shrugged. "I wouldn't pick nunky for exactly a moral man," he said flippantly. "His idea of living is to grab all the easy things he can."

"Where can I see him most easily? At his office?" asked Kirby.

"He drove down to Colorado Springs today on business. At least he told me he was going. Don't know whether he expects to get back tonight or not. He lives at the Paradox Apartments," Jack said.

"Prob'ly I'd better see him there rather than at his office."

"Hope you have a pleasant time with the old boy," Jack murmured. "Don't think I'd care to be a champion of dames where he's concerned. He's a cantankerous old brute. I'll say that for him."

James arranged a place of meeting for luncheon next day. The young cattleman left. He knew from the fidgety manner of Jack that he had some important business he was anxious to talk over with his brother.

CHAPTER VI.

LIGHTS OUT.

IT WAS 5 minutes to 10 by his watch when Kirby entered the Paradox Apartments. The bulletin board told him that his uncle's apartment was 12. He did not take the self-serve elevator, but the stairs. The hall on the second floor was dark. Since he did not know whether the rooms he wanted were on this floor or the next he knocked at a door.

Kirby thought he heard the whisper of voices and he knocked again. He had to rap a third time before the door was opened.

"What is it? What do you want?"

If ever Lane had seen stark, naked fear in a human face, it stared at him out of that of the woman in front of him. She was a tall, angular woman of a harsh, forbidding countenance, flat-breasted and middle-aged. Behind her, farther back in the room, the rough-rider caught a glimpse of a fat, gross, ashen-faced man fleeing toward the inner door of a bedroom to escape being seen. He was thrusting into his coat pocket what looked [illegible] a revolver.

"Can you tell me where James Cunningham's apartment is?" asked Kirby.

The woman gasped. The hand on the doorknob was trembling violently. Something clicked in her throat when the dry lips tried to frame an answer.

"Head o' the stairs—right hand," she managed to get out, then shut the door swiftly in the face of the man whose simple question had so shocked her.

Kirby heard the latch released from its catch. The key in the lock below also turned.

"She's takin' no chances," he mur-

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Instead of taking harsh or drastic internal medicines that upset the stomach, you simply inhale the pleasent, harmless smoke of Dr. Blosser's Medicated Cigarettes.

These cigarettes are made from wholesome, medicinal herbs and berries and when smoked, produce an antiseptic, healing, germ destroying vapor that reaches every nook and corner of the respiratory tract. They contain *no tobacco, no cubebs, are non-habit forming* and may be used by women and children as well as men.

How Smoke Penetrates

We all know the penetrating nature of smoke. As an illustration—the smoke from a leaky stove, smokepipe, or chimney, will make its way into every nook and corner of a room, into the closets, and it will even saturate the clothing. Your nose will detect it quickly and your eyes will feel it. Exactly in the same way the smoke of DR. BLOSSER'S REMEDY, when drawn into the mouth and exhaled through the nose, will penetrate to the most remote and hidden tubes and cavities, nooks and recesses of the head. In order to get rid of catarrh you will immediately recognize it is only necessary to secure the proper smoking remedy, use it regularly for a sufficient length of time, and success is assured.

The problem of successfully treating Catarrh is the problem of applying directly to the inflamed and ulcerated membranes in the air passages a remedy that will disinfect the sores, destroy the germs and set up a healing process.

It is the height of folly to try to heal inflammation and ulceration by medicines swallowed into the stomach ALONE, when you can apply a healing remedy right to the disease.

It is equally foolish to try to heal a disease by a local application that does not reach half the diseased parts.

In these two things we have the explanation of the failure of the majority of Catarrh remedies and treatments.

One set of remedies is taken into the stomach, and they fail—every one of them.

Another set consists of sprays, douches, ointments, or balms and they do not reach more than one-tenth of the diseased parts, whether the medicine itself has healing virtue or not, it cannot heal where it does not reach the disease. All remedies applied in those ways are a failure, and must be, no matter what they are composed of.

In contrast with all these things is Dr. Blosser's Remedy.

It consists of a warm vapor, which is heavily laden with medical extract of the remedy, and this is carried to every affected part.

How to Know When You Have Catarrh

Some of the following symptoms are generally manifested: headache, bleeding at the nose, offensive breath, huskiness of the voice; inflamed or watery eyes; impaired sense of smell or taste—either or both; scabs expelled from the nostrils, difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed; frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, pain in the forehead; blowing the nose; dropping of phlegm into the throat, inducing hawking and spitting.

In catarrh of the throat there is hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. In catarrhal deafness there is failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring, popping, etc.

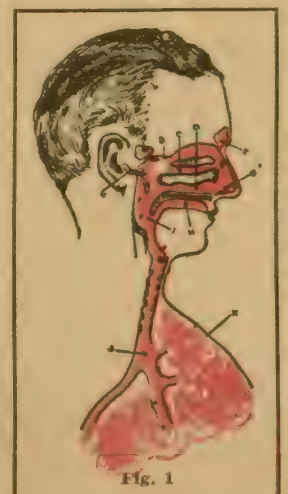


Fig. 1

The red in Fig. 1 shows the wide extent to which Catarrh may spread all through the head and nose, down the throat, and possibly into the lungs. Notice the slender tubes through which a remedy must go to reach A, E and F. A successful remedy must reach all the red portions. See Fig. 4.

Fig. 2

The blue in Fig. 2 shows how little can be done with a spray from an atomizer. See how much of the red (catarrh) remains untouched.

Fig. 3

The blue in Fig. 3 shows how little can be done with a salve (ointment or balm). See how much of the red (catarrh) remains untouched.

Fig. 4

Fig. 4 shows the same parts that are shown in Fig. 1, but it is shown blue because the smoke-vapor from Dr. Blosser's Remedy can be made to reach every part. Compare this with Figs. 2 and 3, and you will readily see why other methods fail. Dr. Blosser's Remedy "Hits the spot."

EXPLANATION OF CUTS

The same letter refers to the same part in each of the cuts.

A. Sphenoidal Sinus. A slender passage way allows catarrh to enter here causing a deep-seated headache. The smoke-vapor of Dr. Blosser's Remedy enters by the same passage through which the disease entered.

B, C, D. Upper, Middle and Lower Meatus. Catarrh locates itself in these passages, giving rise to a catarrhal discharge and often causing an enlargement of the turbinates which surround corresponding meatuses. Dr. Blosser's Remedy is applied directly to these parts.

E. Frontal Sinus. Catarrh makes its way into this Sinus through a narrow tube, the infundibulum, causing neuralgic pains in the forehead. The smoke-vapor of Dr. Blosser's Remedy gets at the disease through the same passage that it entered.

F. Middle Ear. Catarrh enters through the Eustachian tubes, giving rise to head noises and deafness. The smoke-vapor of Dr. Blosser's Remedy enters by the same tubes and arrests the disease.

G. External opening of the nostrils.

H. The Mouth.

I. The Throat, where catarrh causes sore throat or laryngitis, etc.

J, K. The Lungs and Bronchial Tubes, where catarrh causes bronchial troubles.

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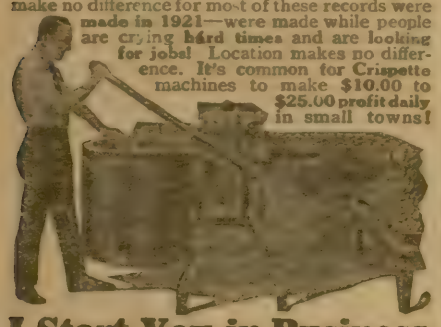

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mured. "Now I wonder why both her an' my fat friend are so darned worried. Who were they lookin' for when they opened the door an' saw me? An' why did it get her goat when I asked where Uncle James lived?"

As he took the treads that brought him to the next landing the cattleman had an impression of a light being flashed off somewhere. He turned to the right as the woman below had directed.

The first door had on the panel a card with his uncle's name. He knocked, and at the same instant noticed that the door was ajar. No answer came. His finger found the electric push button. He could hear it buzzing inside. Twice he pushed it.

"Nobody at home, looks like," he said to himself. "Well, I reckon I'll step in an' leave a note. Or maybe I'll wait. If the door's open he's liable to be right back."

He stepped into the room. It was dark. His fingers groped along the wall for the button to throw on the light. Before he found it a sound startled him.

It was the soft, faint panting of some one breathing.

He was a man whose nerves were under the best of control, but the cold feet of mice pattered up and down his spine. Something was wrong. The sixth sense of danger that comes to some men who live constantly in peril was warning him.

"Who's there?" he asked sharply.

No voice replied, but there was a faint rustle of some one or some thing stirring.

He waited, couched in the darkness.

There came another vague rustle of movement. And presently another, this time closer. Every sense in him was alert, keyed up to closest attention. He knew that some one, for some sinister purpose, had come into this apartment and been trapped here by him.

The moments flew. He thought he could hear his hammering heart. A stifled gasp, a dozen feet from him, was just audible.

He leaped for the sound. His outflung hand struck an arm and slid down it, caught at a small wrist, and fastened there. In the fraction of a second left him he realized, beyond question, that it was a woman he had assaulted.

The hand was wrenched from him. There came a zigzag flash of lightning searing his brain, a crash that filled the world for him—and he floated into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER VII.

FOUL PLAY.

LANE came back painfully to a world of darkness. His head throbbed distressingly. Querulously he wondered where he was and what had taken place.

He drew the fingers of his outstretched hand along the nap of a rug and he knew he was on the floor. Then his mind cleared and he remembered that a woman's hand had been imprisoned in his just before his brain stopped functioning.

Who was she? What was she doing here? And what under heaven had hit him hard enough to put the lights out so instantly?

He sat up and held his throbbing head. He had been struck on the point of the chin and gone down like an axed bullock. The woman must have lashed out at him with some weapon.

In his pocket he found a match. It flared up and lit a space in the pit of blackness. Unsteadily he got to his feet and moved toward the door. His mind was quite clear now and his senses abnormally sensitive. For instance, he was aware of a faint perfume of violet in the room, so faint that he had not noticed it before.

There grew on him a horror, an eagerness to be gone from the rooms. It was based on no reasoning, but on some obscure feeling that there had taken place something evil, something that chilled his blood.

Yet he did not go. He had come for a purpose, and it was characteristic of him that he stayed in spite of the dread that grew on him till it filled his breast. Again he groped along the wall for the light switch. A second match flared in his fingers and showed it to him. Light flooded the room.

His first sensation was of relief. This handsome apartment with its Persian rugs, its padded easy-chairs, its harmonious wall tints, had a note of repose quite alien to tragedy. It was the home of a man who had given a good deal of attention to making himself comfortable. Indefinably, it was a man's room. The presiding genius of it was masculine and not feminine. It lacked the touches of adornment that only a woman can give to make a place homelike.

Yet one adornment caught Kirby's eye at once. It was a large photograph in a handsome frame on the table. The picture showed the head and bust of a beautiful woman in evening dress. She was a brunette, young, and very attractive. The line of head, throat and shoulder was perfect. The delicate, disdainful poise and the gay provocation in the dark, slanting eyes were enough to tell that she was no novice in the game of sex. He judged her an expensive orchid produced in the civilization of our twentieth century hothouse. Across the bottom of the picture was scrawled an inscription in a fashionably angular hand. Lane moved closer to read it. The words were, "Always, Phyllis." Probably this was the young woman to whom, if rumor were true, James Cunningham, Senior, was engaged.

On the floor, near where Kirby had been lying, lay a heavy piece of agate evidently used for a paper-weight. He picked up the smooth stone and guessed instantly that this was the weapon which had established contact with his chin. Very likely the woman's hand had closed on it when she heard him coming. She had switched off the light and waited for him. What the blow had found a vulnerable mark and knocked him out had been sheer luck.

Kirby passed into a luxurious bedroom beyond which was a tiled bathroom. He glanced these over and returned to the outer apartment. There was still another door. It was closed. As the man from Wyoming moved toward it he felt once more a strange sensation of dread. It was strong enough to stop him in his stride. What was he going to find behind that door? When he laid his hand on the knob pinpricks played over his scalp and galloped down his spine.

He opened the door. A sweet, sickish odor, pungent but not heavy, greeted his nostrils. It was a familiar smell, one he had met only recently. Where? His memory jumped to a corridor of the Cheyenne hospital. He had been passing the operating-room on his way to see Wild Rose. The door had opened and there had been wafted to him faintly the penetrating whiff of chloroform. It was the same drug he sniffed now.

He stood on the threshold, groped for the switch, and flashed on the lights. Sound tho Kirby Lane's nerves were, he could not repress a gasp at what he saw.

Leaning back in an armchair, looking up at him with a horrible, sardonic grin, was his uncle James Cunningham. His wrists were tied with ropes to the arms of the chair. A towel, passed round his throat, fastened the body to the back of the chair and propped up the head. A bloody clot of hair hung tangled just above the temple. The man was dead beyond any possibility of doubt. There was a small hole in the center of the forehead thru which a bullet had crashed. Beneath this was a thin trickle of blood that had run into the heavy eyebrows.

The dead man was wearing a plaid smoking-jacket and oxblood slippers. On the tabouret close to his hand lay a half-smoked cigar. There was a grewsome suggestion in the tilt of the head and the gargoyle grin that this was a hideous and shocking jest he was playing on the world.

Kirby snatched his eyes from the grim spectacle and looked round the room. It was evidently a private den to which the owner of the apartment retired. There were facilities for smoking and for drinking, a lounge which showed marks of wear, and a writing desk in one corner.

This desk held the young man's gaze. It was open. Papers lay scattered everywhere and its contents had been rifled and flung on the floor. Some one, in a desperate hurry, had searched every pigeon-hole.

The window of the room was open. Perhaps it had been thrown up to let out the fumes of the chloroform. Kirby stepped to it and looked down. The fire escape ran past it to the stories above and below.

The young cattleman had seen more than once the tragedies of the range. He had heard the bark of guns and had looked down on quiet dead men but a minute before full of lusty life. But these had been victims of warfare in the open, usually of sudden passions that had flared and struck. This was different. It was murder, deliberate, cold-blooded, atrocious. The man had been tied up, made helpless, and done to death without mercy. There was a note of the abnormal, of the unhuman, about the affair. Whoever had killed James Cunningham deserved the extreme penalty of the law.

He was a man who no doubt had made many enemies. Always he had demanded his pound of flesh and got it. Some one had waited patiently for his hour and exacted a fearful vengeance for whatever wrong he had suffered.

Kirby decided that he must call the police at once. No time ought to be lost in starting to run down the murderer. He stepped into the living-room to the telephone, lifted the receiver from the hook, and—stood staring down at a glove lying on the table.

As he looked at it the blood washed out of his face. He had a sensation as

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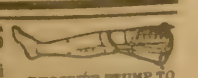

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though his heart had been plunged into cracked ice. For he recognized the glove on the table, knew who its owner was.

It was a small riding-gauntlet with a device of a rose embroidered on the wrist. He would have known that glove among a thousand.

He had seen it, a few hours since, on the hand of Wild Rose.

CHAPTER VIII.

BY MEANS OF THE FIRE ESCAPE.

KIRBY LANE stood with fascinated eyes looking down at the glove, muscles and brain alike paralyzed. The receiver was in his hand, close to his ear.

A voice from the other end of the wire drifted to him. "Number, please."

Automatically he hung the receiver on the hook. Dazed tho he was, the rough rider knew that the police were the last people in the world he wanted to see just now.

All his life he had lived the adventure of the outdoors. For twelve months he had served at the front, part of the time with the forces in the Argonne. He had ridden stampedes and fought thru blizzards. He had tamed the worst outlaw horses the West could produce. But he had never been so shock-shaken as he was now. A fact impossibly but dreadfully true confronted him. Wild Rose had been alone with his uncle in these rooms, had listened with breathless horror while Kirby climbed the stairs, had been trapped by his arrival, and had fought like a wolf to make her escape. He remembered the wild cry of her outraged heart, "Nothing's too bad for a man like that."

Lane was sick with fear. It ran thru him and sapped his supple strength like an illness. It was not possible that Rose could have done this in her right mind. But he had heard a doctor say once that under stress of great emotion people sometimes went momentarily insane. His friend had been greatly wrought up from anxiety, pain, fever, and lack of sleep.

In replacing the telephone he had accidentally pushed aside a book. Beneath it was a slip of paper on which had been penciled a note. He read it, without any interest.

> Mr. Hull he come see you. He sorry you not here. He say maybe perhaps make honorable call some other time.
>
> S. HORIKAWA.

An electric bell buzzed thru the apartment. The sound of it startled Kirby as tho it had been the warning of a rattlesnake close to his head. Some one was at the outer door ringing for admission. It would never do for him to be caught here.

He had been trained to swift thought reactions. Quickly but noiselessly he stepped to the door and released the catch of the Yale lock so that it would not open from the outside without a key. He switched off the light and passed thru the living-room into the bedchamber. His whole desire now was to be gone from the building as soon as possible. The bedroom also he darkened before he stepped to the window and crept thru it to the platform of the fire-escape.

The glove was still in his hand. He thrust it into his pocket as he began the descent. The iron ladder ran down the building to the alley. It ended ten feet above the ground. Kirby lowered himself and dropped. He turned to the right down the alley toward Glenarm street.

A man was standing at the corner of the alley trying to light a cigar. He was a reporter on the "Times," just returning from the Press Club where he had been playing in a pool tournament.

He stopped Lane. "Can you lend me a match, friend?"

The cattleman handed him three or four and started to go.

"Just a mo'," the newspaper-man said, striking a light. "Do you always"—puff, puff—"leave your rooms"—puff,puff,puff—"by the fire escape?"

Kirby looked at him in silence, thinking furiously. He had been caught, after all. There were witnesses to prove he had gone up to his uncle's rooms. Here was another to testify he had left by the fire escape. The best he could say was that he was very unlucky.

"Never mind, friend," the newspaper-man went on. "You don't look like a second-story worker to yours truly." He broke into a little amused chuckle. "I reckon friend husband, who never comes home till Saturday night, happened around unexpectedly and the fire escape looked good to you. Am I right?"

The Wyoming man managed a grin. It was not a mirthful one, but it served.

"You're a wizard," he said admiringly.

The reporter had met a bootlegger earlier in the evening and had two or three drinks. He was mellow. "Oh, I'm wise," he said with a wink. "Chuck Ellis isn't anybody's fool. Beat it, Lothario, while the beating's good." The last sentence and the gesture that accompanied the words were humorous exaggerations of old-time melodrama.

Lane took his advice without delay.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORY IN THE "NEWS."

FROM a booth in a drug store on Sixteenth street Kirby telephoned the police that James Cunningham had been murdered at his home in the Paradox Apartments. He stayed to answer no questions, but hung up at once. From a side door of the store he stepped out to Welton street and walked to his hotel.

He passed a wretched night. The distress that flooded his mind was due less to his own danger than to his anxiety for Rose. His course of action was not at all clear to him in case he should be identified as the man who had been seen going to and coming from the apartment of the murdered man. He could not explain why he was there without implicating Rose and her sister. He would not betray them. That of course. But he had told his cousins why he was going. Would their story not start a hunt for the woman in the case?

Man is an illogical biped. Before Kirby had seen the glove on the table and associated it with the crime, his feeling had been that the gallows was the proper end of so cruel a murderer. Now he not only intended to protect Rose, but his heart was filled with pity for her. He understood her better than he did any other woman, her loyalty and love and swift, upblazing anger. Even if her hand had fired the shot, he told himself, it was not Wild Rose who had done it—not the little friend he had come to know and like so well, but a tortured woman beside herself with grief for the sister to whom she had always been a mother, too.

He slept little, and that brokenly. With the dawn he was out on the street to buy a copy of the "News." The story of the murder had the two columns on the right-hand side of the front page and broke over to the third. He hurried back to his room to read it behind a locked door.

The story was of a kind in which newspapers revel. Cunningham was a well-known character, several times a millionaire. His death even by illness would have been worth a column. But the horrible and grewsome way of his taking off, the mystery surrounding it, the absence of any apparent motive unless it were revenge, all whetted the appetite of the editors. It was a big "story," one that would run for many days, and the "News" played it strong.

As Kirby had expected, he was selected as the probable assassin. A reporter had interviewed Mr. and Mrs. Cass Hull, who occupied the apartment just below that of the murdered man. They had told him that a young man, a stranger to them, powerfully built and dressed like a prosperous ranchman, had knocked on their door about 9:20 to ask the way to the apartment of Cunningham. Hull explained that he remembered the time particularly because he happened to be winding the clock at the moment.

A description of Lane was given in a "box" at the top of a column. He read it with no amusement. It was too deadly accurate for comfort:

> The supposed assassin of James Cunningham is described by Mrs. Cass Hull as dressed in a pepper-and-salt suit and a white, pinched-in cattleman's hat. He is about six feet tall, between 25 and 30 years old, weighing about 200 or perhaps 210 pounds. His hair is a light brown and his face tanned from the sun.

His age and his weight were overstated, and his clothes were almost khaki brown. Otherwise Mrs. Hull had given a very close description of him, considering her state of mind at the moment when she had seen him.

There was one sentence of the story he read over two or three times. Hull and his wife agreed that it was about 9:20 when he had knocked on their door, unless it was a printer's error or the reporter had made a mistake. Kirby knew this was wrong. He had looked at his watch just before he had entered the Paradox Apartment. He had stopped directly under a street globe, and the time was 9:55.

Had the Hulls deliberately shifted the time back thirty-five minutes? If so, why? He remembered how stark terror had stared out of both their faces. Did they know more about the murder than they pretended? When he had mentioned his uncle's name the woman had been close to collapse, tho, of course, he could not be sure that had been the reason. To his mind there flashed the memory of the note he had seen on the table. The man had called on Cunningham and left word he might call again. Was it possible the Hulls had just come down from the apartment above when he had knocked on their door? If so, how did the presence of Rose fit into the schedule?

Lane pounced on the fear and the evasion of the Hulls as an out for Wild Rose. It was only a morsel of hope, but he made the most of it.

The newspaper was inclined to bring up stage the mysterious man who had called up the police at 10:25 to tell them that Cunningham had been murdered in his rooms. Who was this man? Could he be the murderer? If so, why should he telephone the police and start immediately the hunt after him? If not the killer, how did he know that a crime had been committed less than an hour before?

As soon as he had eaten breakfast, Kirby walked round to the boarding-house on Cherokee street where Wild Rose was staying with her sister. Rose was out, he learned from the landlady. He asked if he might see her sister. His anxiety was so great he could not leave without a word of her.

Presently Esther came down to the parlor where the young man waited for her. Lane introduced himself as a friend of Rose. He was worried about her," he said. She seemed to him in a highly wrought-up, nervous state. He

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My Style Book has always been considered an authority on good fashions. This season it is bigger than ever before. I have added many new pages. Lots of things are shown in actual colors. Your name and address on a postal card is enough to bring it to you, immediately, free.

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$1.00 = Brings This All-Wool Slip-Over Dress

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THE SLIP-OVER STYLE—I do not believe there has ever been a fashion created that has so universally captured the fancy of women. It is so youthful in appearance, smart as can be and ever so handy. Almost any sort of a blouse or waist may be worn with it, even waists that you have thought of throwing away. After all only the sleeves and yoke of the waist show.

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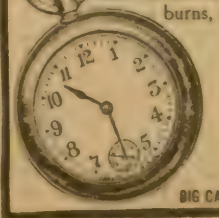

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THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO.,

BIG CASH COMMISSION TO AGENTS Dept. M111 Tyrone, Pa.

wondered if it would not be well to get her out of Denver.

Esther swallowed a lump in her throat. She had never seen Rose so jumpy, she agreed. Last night she had gone out for an hour alone. The look in her eyes when she had come back had frightened Esther. She had gone at once to her bedroom and locked the door, but her sister had heard her moving about for hours.

Then, suddenly, Esther's throat swelled and she began to sob. She knew well enough that she was at the bottom of Wild Rose's worries.

"Where is she now?" asked Kirby gently.

"I don't know. She didn't tell me where she was going. There's—there's something queer about her. I—I'm afraid."

"What are you afraid of?"

"She's so—so kinda fierce," Esther wailed.

It was impossible to explain, even to this big brown friend of Rose who looked as tho his quiet strength could move mountains. He was a man. Besides, every instinct in her strove to keep hidden the secret that some day would tell itself.

Her eyes fell. They rested on the "News" some boarder had tossed on the table beside which she stood. Her thoughts were of herself and the plight in which she had become involved. She looked at the big headlines of the paper and for the moment did not see them. What she did see was disgrace, the shipwreck of the young life she loved so much.

Her pupils dilated. The words of the headline penetrated to the brain. A hand clutched at her heart. She read again hazily—

JAMES CUNNINGHAM MURDERED

—then collapsed fainting into a chair.

Here is another mystery story that will keep the reader guessing up to its final chapters. The slayer's victim had several enemies who were bent on bringing him to account, not the least among whom were the heroic ranch girl bound to see her sister's wrong righted—if anything can right such a wrong as the youthful, innocent office girl had suffered! It looks as if the Hulls, the Dry Valley anonymous letter writer, "Wild Rose," Phyllis, whoever she is, Kirby Lane, and others will be suspected in the foul crime, Lane surely, as he was seen to leave the scene of the murder by a loquacious newspaper reporter. Look for startling developments in part two, next week.

Rill O' the River

(Continued From Page 5)

So they figured and their figuring produced these facts.

Nell must give up buying the shoes she needed so badly and even tho the weather was already late fall and the mornings briskly chill, Rill would be obliged to make shift without the coat or sweater she so badly needed.

"If we don't walk to work and don't use the street cars, that'll leave us ninety cents a day between us for grub. We can buy bologna and bread for one meal a day and get doughnuts and hot coffee for another, and Nell, we'll hafta go without breakfast."

Nell agreed. "But how're you goin' to get a job? You'll hafta ride the street cars some."

"I won't," Rill stoutly maintained. "It's robbery, that's all. How in h——" she checked herself quickly, "How could a girl expect to make enough to keep soul and body together if she'd have to pay sixteen cents a day to get to her work when it takes her an hour's hard work after she gets there to earn it back. But I'll get a job some way. Believe me, and I'll walk to get it, too."

BUT future events did not carry out Rill's optimism.

Day after day the girl trudged from store to factory and from factory to officie building.

Before the first day's job hunting had passed Rill had found the way to the employment agencies.

There were few positions Rill could fill.

And she was always just too late.

A call for an elevator girl, experience unnecessary, was always just filled, when, weary-footed and hungry Rill arrived to apply for it.

When the services of an energetic scrubwoman were needed some scrubwoman better fed and therefore quicker of foot arrived just before Rill to land the job.

Night after night Rill arrived home, footsore and tired, but always there was the same optimism and the same desire to hide her worries from Nell.

"Going to be busy tonight, Rilletta?" The landlady accosted Rill one night as she came sneaking thru the hall.

Rill snapped the question short.

"Yes," she said.

No matter how strong the urge to return to the old methods of life was upon Rill one glimpse into Nell's clear eyes deterred her.

Nell was excited that night.

"Rill, I believe my pay check'll be bigger this next time. If it is it'll tide you over another week and by that time you'll have a good job yourself."

And for once Rill gave over her stringent urge of economy.

"What's the use, Rill?" Nell urged. "We'll die if we don't have any fun."

So the two skylarked off to a picture show, and not content with that wild extravagance, found a corner drug store soda fountain.

"One dollar all gone floo-ie," Rill wailed to herself after Nell was sound asleep.

Nell was a bit feverish the next morning and her eyes were bright. "I guess I caught a cold last night," she said.

That night her flushed cheeks proved the fever had mounted.

"I ache so, all over just like I'd been beaten," she complained to Rill. "I guess I'm going to have the grippe. I've had it before."

And her prediction came true.

The next morning Nell was unable to leave her bed.

"Well, it's payday anyway," she said in her philosophical way. You can go down and get my pay check and we'll get along all right."

So Rill went.

But the acid-faced forewoman spoiled her hopes.

"Nothin' doin', nothin' doin'," she insisted. "We don't give pay checks to no strangers."

"But I'm her roommate," Rill insisted. "You know I'm her roommate."

"Makes no difference," the forewoman retorted. "Makes no difference. You don't get the pay check."

Rill went back to the room.

She made a hot cup of tea over the flickering gas jet and took it to Nell.

"I can't eat," Nell shivered. "I'm all right, Rill. "It's just the grippe."

Evening came, but Nell was far from being "all right."

The fever had mounted and she was out of her head, saying foolish things, the first stages of delirium.

During the afternoon Rill had talked to the landlady.

"If she's sick just cart her right out of here," the woman shrilled. "This ain't no horspittle."

"Oh, she's not very sick," Rill hastened to convince her. "She's just got a little cold."

But at night even Rill was alarmed.

Nell cried. Cried in homesick girlish longing for her dead mother.

Rill slipped out and away. She had seen a doctor's sign only a few blocks away. She found it and he promised to come immediately.

Breathlessly Rill hurried back to the sick girl.

The doctor's "immediately" stretched itself into three long hours. Nell was asleep and had to be awakened when he finally did appear.

He took Nell's pulse and her temperature and thumped her chest.

"It's a mighty bad cold," he reassured Rill. "But it's nothing serious. There are no bad spots in her lungs. I'm leaving this prescription. You get it filled and see that she takes the medicine regulary. Keep her warm and quiet and give her plenty of good food and she'll be all right in a week or so."

"How—how much," Rill faltered.

"Five dollars," he was gruffly pleasant. "Costs money to be sick."

Rill counted into his hands five pitiful one-dollar bills.

Dr. Marden was a wonderful doctor, Des Moines people were agreed upon that point, but—well his mode of life had differed from Rill's as night differs from day.

Some people understand, others could never understand. Dr. Marden did not belong to the first class.

He hustled away.

Rill's heart was like lead.

The next day at the corner drug store one dollar and sixty-five cents of the girls' pitifully hoarded little store went to pay for having the prescription filled.

That night, from her unsuccessful searching for work, Rill carried home with her a big orange and an apple—they represented the last of the twelve dollars and eighty cents.

Nell was better.

"Gee, it's good," she chattered as she bit into the apple. "What are you going to have for your supper?"

"I had it," Rill lied.

"How much money you got?" Nell questioned. It was the first time during the whole week she had thought of money.

"Plenty," Rill lied again.

"You got my check?"

"Umph, humph."

Nell forgot the conversation and Rill breathed in relief.

"Well, since we've got plenty," Nell said as an afterthought, "I want two soft boiled eggs for breakfast and some toast. Gee, Rill, I can remember when eggs sold back home three dozen for a quarter. Just think of that."

Nell was sound asleep when Rill crept out of the house again.

Folks must work if they earn money.

And they must have money if they

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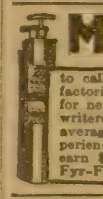

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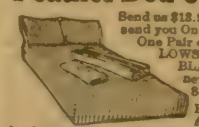

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For fifty years a standard remedy. All the family can take it with helpful results. Eases the children's croup. No harmful drugs. Convincing, healing taste that the kiddies like. At all druggists, 60c.

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Order your size and width. Sizes 2½ to 8; widths c-d-e-ee. Remember that the low price means an enormous number of sales, so to be sure that we will be able to supply you in your size and color, send your order today, with money order for $2.96. We will send silk hose free.

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Pants $1.95
NO EXTRA CHARGES
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Send no Money We make this special offer for 30 days, to prove the wonderful value, style and fit of **Progress** tailoring. We will tailor to your special order, a pair of these stylish $6.00 pants, send them to you postage prepaid and guarantee two years' solid wear or money back for only **$1.95.**

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Drop us a line today and we will send you **absolutely free**, our big assortment of woolen samples, style book and special wholesale prices, on our made-to-measure suits—$12.45 up and made-to-measure pants—$1.95 up. Full details of this offer sent FREE.

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Reduced Fac-Simile Gold Medal.

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RAY ART CO., Dept. 17, Chicago, Ill.

would have food to eat.

Rill had sought for work.

It was not to be found.

The money was gone and Nell was sick.

There was nothing left in Rill's life but the game—it was the only thing in life the girl knew.

She had thought the old life was over, that never again need she return to its loathesome sordidness.

But Nell was sick, and for Nell, well for Nell she'd go thru hell itself.

And the game was easy to play.

CHAPTER IV.
"HIS BLUFF CALLED."

DAVID O. RYAN, Sr., padded over to his own favorite "over-stuffed" easy-chair.

The joy time of the day had arrived for him, the time which all his life had been the best of all the day—a quiet evening at home.

Now that the David O. Ryans had become of real social prominence in Des Moines these joy times were becoming less frequent—hence all the more valued.

If the time came when a social register of the Capital City of staid old Iowa should be compiled, Mrs. David Olivington Ryan, Sr., felt comfortably certain that her name would be near the very head of the list.

For the Olivington Ryans (the engraved cards of the mistress bore the name written in such fashion, tho in business circles Dave Ryan was still just "David O.") had arrived financially, therefore socially.

Mrs. David Olivington Ryan was the head of a score of social clubs. Every day of the week she "patroness-ed" this, that or the other social function and her name liberally be sprinkled the society columns of all four dailies.

Des Moines folks had long since grown accustomed to the frequent sight of her four-column likeness in black pictured hat and black lace decollete (the style she most affected) adorning the first pages of the society section in the Sunday papers.

She was president of the local Association for the Relief of the Benighted Patagonians and vice president of the Iowa Women's League for the Prevention of Cruelty to Gold Fish.

Her engraved check could always be depended upon, written in at least four figures to head a subscription list for any such worthy cause as the establishment of a home for indigent billygoats or the creation of a fund to place absolutely free of charge a cubist-futurist nightmare in every humble home of Iowa.

In the shadow of his wife's portly lace draped figure David Olivington Ryan was the Prince Albert coated, horn bespectacled husband of a "new woman" celebrity.

At the office or in the "works" surrounded by the hundreds of men, who, in the twenty years past had helped make the D. O. Ryan trademark familiar to millions of America's reading public, he was just "Dave," "The Boss," or, affectionately, "The old man."

At home, of nights, when he was tired and had been "over conferenced" during the day he was plain, middle-aged, slightly stooped and decidedly baldheaded David O. Ryan, just a bit tired and more than a little disillusioned of life.

"Goin' any place tonight, Nancy?"

His wife's displeasure enveloped him like a mantle. Nancy was so plebian. Nan was bad enough.

"David, have you forgotten the Tillon's reception?"

He groaned.

"Lord, yes. I had forgotten. But we won't haft to go?"

"David."

The one word was expressive of a million.

David sighed.

He changed the subject abruptly.

After all what was the use?

A man owed something to his family. He for one had been told so often enough at any rate.

"Where's Dave?"

"Junior?"

"Dave." At times even the worm threatened to turn.

"I don't know," Mrs. Ryan admitted. "Guess he's out in the car."

"Nancy, I don't like the way Dave's been acting lately. Home at all hours of the night. Why, I don't ever see him week in and week out——"

There was no time for more.

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They were hardy seated when the front door exploded, that is, exploded by the forcible entrance of David O. Ryan, Jr.

"'Lo, father. 'Lo, mums." David, Jr., sat down.

His father chuckled explosively.

Dave's coming was always like a sudden burst of sunshine. Gad, but the boy was handsome. Already Dave, Sr., was re-living his own youth in the radiance of the lad's fast-blossoming manhood.

Dave, Jr., was a trifle nervous.

He kept thinking of a conversation he'd just had with the fellows.

Billy Neal's words seemed to have made the greatest impression on Dave's mind.

Billy said, "Great Scott, Dave, a fellow

(Continued on Page 24.)

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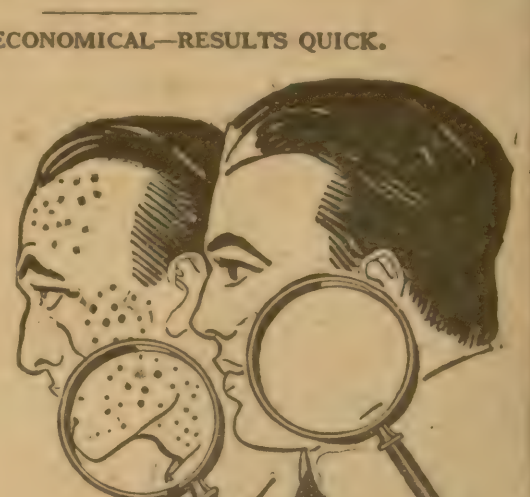

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Wolves of the Sea

(Continued From Page 6)

came to me but now as I looked upon Estada lying there dead. Treachery killed him, and that treachery must have purpose behind it. You believe this to be the ambition of Manuel Estevan to become chief, and that in this he is backed by those buccaneers amidships whom he commands. But to accomplish this end there must soon be other murders aboard—the Captain Sanchez, and possibly our own as well, altho 'tis likely he may offer us life to join him. But I doubt if the fellow be ready yet to throw off the mask and openly declare himself. He will claim the murder of Estada to be the act of some fiendish member of the crew, and wait until things aboard ripen to his purpose. He is not likely to dream that we suspect him. This gives us our chance—we can act before he does."

"But if the men are with him?"

"What are the odds, say you—thirty to a hundred? Ay, but surprise will overcome that. My plan is this; first, for you and I to secure Manuel, as quietly as possible, but at whatever cost. Surely that can be done. With him in our hands, or dead, the buccaneers have no leader. What then? There are men in the crew on deck and in the forecastle to be trusted—Watkins is one, and he will know others, a dozen, no doubt. They will be enough. We will whisper the truth to these, and have them ready for a signal. The forward door from amidships is closed by iron bars—is it not?"

"Si, Senor," his eyes again sparkling with interest. "The men quarreled, and there was fighting."

"Then there is no escape in that direction and it can be no great task to close any passage leading aft. Lower the deck hatch, and we have those devils below caged like so many rats. There need be no fighting; starvation will bring them to terms."

"But, Senor, you forget—your dozen men cannot guard the buccaneers below, and also manage the bark at sea. The crew are not all lambs—many will sympathize with those thus locked beneath deck. Cochose is bad, and a friend of Manuel. He will fight, and there are others to back him."

"I know that, LeVere. The whole plan is desperate, but there is no other possible. Here is my scheme. There is a gun rack in the cabin, containing enough weapons to arm the dozen men we can trust. The others have nothing but their sheath knives. The buccaneers can be secured below, before these other lads ever realize what is happening—many will be asleep in the forecastle. As soon as we have control of the ship we'll round them up forward. They won't dare face the guns. I'll give them their choice, and, as for Cochose, I've taken his measure once already, and am ready to try it again."

"And what will you tell them, Senor?"

I caught my breath, conscious of his meaning. My secret hope could not be revealed to this fellow. However hate and ambition might sway him, and however personal fear might influence him, at that moment, his purpose and mine were entirely different. Piracy was his life; he knew and cared for nothing else. In innate savagery he was no better than any of the others, and must be dealt with accordingly. Just now I must have him on my side, and conditions had delivered him into my hands. But I could only hope to retain him thru self interest. The mulatto had little faith in me; I was a stranger, an Englishman, unknown and untried. Naturally we were enemies. He would make use of me for the present if he could, and as smilingly knife me tomorrow if it served his turn. I felt confident of that, and in consequence the answer came quickly to my lips.

"The whole truth, Senor LeVere—that Manuel conspired to seize the bark thru a mutiny of the buccaneers; that these were to be turned loose with a license to kill any one on board who opposed them; that their real purpose was to divide among themselves all the treasure below; then wreck the vessel, and escape with it. That to this end Estada had already been foully murdered and that they also intended to take the lives of the other officers so as to be free to do as they pleased. I shall explain that we discovered this conspiracy just in time to save them from butchery, and that they must stand by us, or else submit to those hellhounds. I'll put it strong."

"And after that, Senor?"

"Why Porto Grande, of course," I admitted heartily. "It is not a long voyage, and if we bring the boat in safely the treasure is ours. The men will understand what that means—a handful of gold for each of them and a run ashore. Why, LeVere, they will make more apiece than by looting a half dozen ships, and with no fighting. It will be a fortune for you and me."

His somber eyes lighted up, startled by this new idea, and he sprang to his feet, swaying before me to the pitch of the deck.

"You mean that, Senor! We divide what is below, and sail for Porto Grande? I hear you right? You not mean surrender? You stay pirate?"

I laughed, my nerves tingling to the success of my ruse—he had taken the tempting bait like a hungry fish.

"Why, of course; so that was the trouble. H—l! man, I am not such a fool as to throw away this chance. I came aboard here without a dollar, drunk, a sailor before the mast. Look at me now—shoved into a job as first officer, with my full share of all we can lay hands on. Do you suppose I'm going back to the forecastle, and a bit of silver? Not me! I'm for all I can get, and with no care how I get it. This is our chance, LeVere. If we put the Namur into Porto Grande, with Sanchez on board and alive, and those hellhounds locked below, we'll get anything we ask for. We'll be the cocks of the walk. If he shouldn't live thru, why then we'll have a ship, and can run the game alone. Either way, if we win, the prize is ours—and, by heavens! if we stick together we win."

My apparent enthusiasm caught the fellow. I could read the working of his mind in his face. This was a new view of the situation, a new vision. It appealed to him from every standpoint—it promised wealth, power, the total defeat of Estevan; everything he most desired. And as I pictured it, the result seemed easy of attainment. His eyes gleamed lightning.

"You think Senor Sanchez live?"

"What difference? If he lives he owes his life to us. If he dies the bark is in our hands, and the treasure. The thing to consider now is how to get control. Once we have won, we care nothing if he live or die. Come, we have wasted time enough in talk; it is action that counts—what say you? Are we together in this?"

He thrust out a lean, yellow hand, and I gripped it firmly.

"Si, Senor; you speak right. To do this we must act. I am with you."

"You pledge your word, Francois?"

"I pledge it, Senor."

"Good, and you have mine. Now to work—first Manuel Estevan, and then the men on deck. 'Tis his stateroom yonder."

CHAPTER XIX.

LAYING THE TRAP.

OUR first job was executed much more easily than I had anticipated. We caught Manuel sound asleep, and LeVere had sinewy hands at his throat before the fellow could grasp a weapon, or even clearly comprehend the nature of the attack. The narrowness of the stateroom prevented my taking much part in the affair, but the mulatto needed no help, as he dragged the cursing Spaniard from his bunk to the deck and throttled him savagely. Indeed, he would have killed the fellow had I not interfered and twisted his hands loose, leaving Estevan barely conscious.

A blanket ripped into strips served to bind him securely enough for the present, but I thought it best to lock the door, and keep the key in my own pocket. LeVere would have knifed him even as he lay there helpless, but for my threat and insistence. Once back in the cabin my eyes distinguished the frightened face of the steward peering forth at us from out the dark of the passage leading forward.

"Come here, Gunsaules," I said sternly. "Step lively, lad; there's nothing for you to fear."

"Yes, Senor—yes," and he crept forth from his partial cover, glancing fearfully from face to face as he advanced.

"Senor Estada has been killed during the night, and we have just captured his murderer," I explained hastily. "There is reason to believe this act was part of

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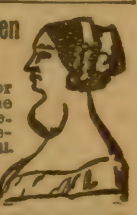

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a conspiracy to seize the ship."

"By Senor Manuel?" his eyes staring at me from out a white face.

"Yes, in connection with those fellows amidships. Does that passage lead to their quarters?"

"It did once, Senor, but now there is a closed door. The Captain Sanchez had it so arranged to prevent the men from coming aft."

"What kind of a door?"

"Of oak, studded with iron, not only locked, but barred on this side."

"You have no key?"

"No, Senor; there are but two—one for the captain and the other for him who commands the buccaneers."

"Manuel?"

"Si, Senor."

I stood there a moment silent, considering this information, and rapidly arranging in mind our future operations. The only way the mutineers could reach the cabin then would be from the deck, descending thru the companion. So long as they remained unaware of the capture of Manuel there was little danger of their taking such action. My faith in Gunsaules was not great, yet the probability was that he would remain loyal to whichever party held the upper hand. That was ever the way with these men.

"Very well, steward," I said. "You go on about your work as tho nothing had happened. If any word of this affair gets to the crew, or to those fellows forward, I'll hold you responsible. Understand that!"

"Si, Senor."

"You are not to leave this cabin without my permission, nor speak to any one. . . . LeVere."

The mulatto faced me respectfully enough, and I had a feeling he would obey orders, largely because he dare not rebel.

"Si, Senor."

"They will be wondering why you are not on deck. It will be better for you to take charge of the watch at once, and keep the men busy. Relieve Watkins at the wheel and send the man down to me. He can choose the fellows who will stick better than you could, and then can circulate among them without arousing suspicion. Send him down at once, quietly."

He disappeared thru the companion, while Gunsaules vanished within the storeroom, where I could hear him rummaging noisily about. I sat down to wait the appearance of Watkins, satisfied that matters were already safely in my control. That the English sailor would cooperate, I had no doubt, and as to LeVere, he had already gone too far to openly play the traitor.

It was full daylight now, and evidently a bright morning, altho the swell of the sea remained heavy, and I judged there must be a strong wind. Watkins, muffled to the ears in a heavy jacket, and with cap pulled down so I could scarcely see his face, shuffled down the steps. He whipped off the cap and stood waiting.

"The officer of the deck sent me here, sir."

"I asked for you; did LeVere tell you why?"

"No sir; only that I was to come at once and quietly."

I put my hand on his shoulder. "Tom," I said soberly, but so low I felt sure even Gunsaules would not overhear, "we are in the same boat, and understand each other. The chance has come for both of us, if we play the cards right. Listen while I tell you the situation, and what I plan doing."

I told it briefly, wasting no words, yet relating every fact, even including my visit and conversation with Dorothy, and the throwing of the body thru the after port. He listened eagerly, but without interruption until the end.

"What do you make of it?" I asked, irritated by his silence.

"About what you do, sir. I knew there was something of the kind going on—some of the men forward are in on it. You've got the ring-leader."

"Manuel, you mean. Who did he count on for help in the forecastle?"

"Cochose, and a handful of others, niggers and Spaniards, mostly. They even tried out one or two white men. That's how I heard it, thru Jack Jones, but they never told him enough to make the plan clear. However, with what you've just said I've got a pretty fair understanding. They meant to pull the affair off either today or tonight. What sorter lookin' chap was the fellow you knocked out, sir?"

"I scarcely saw his face—a half-breed I should say; rather short, but stout, with long hair."

"Jose; he is the one Manuel would choose for such a job. But why he got into the girl's room is more than I know. However, if he is dead, and Manuel a prisoner, it gives us a fair chance, sir. It leaves those fellows amidships without a leader. A dozen good men on deck might do business."

"But are there a dozen aboard to be trusted?"

He hesitated, running the names over in his mind, evidently weighing each one carefully.

"Well, yes, sir. I rather think they are," he said finally. "It won't do for to make any mistake here, but I'm pretty sure of these fellows. I'd say that in both watches there's maybe fourteen to be relied on. There's one or two others in the starboard watch who are likely enough all right, but I don't see them alone much."

"Who do you pick out?"

"In my watch there's Jones, Harwood and Simms, either English or Welsh. They're all right. Then there's a nigger named Sam; Schmitt, a Dutchman, with his partner, whose name I don't know, and two Frenchies, Ravel and Pierre. That makes eight, nine counting myself. Then in the starboard watch I'd pick out Jim Carter and Joe Cole; two Swedes, Carlson and Olen Hallin, and another nigger. Then there are a couple of Finns who ought to be with us, but I can't talk their lingo. That would give us sixteen out of thirty, and it's quite likely some of the others would take a hand with us if they thought it was safe. I haven't any use, tho, sir, for Francois LeVere. There ain't a worse scamp aboard."

"I know that," I admitted, "but he had to be used. It was thru him that Estada's murder was discovered. But he is safe enough for the present, for he made the attack on Manuel, and so will not dare go back on us. His life is in the balance. But wait, Tom; don't breathe in his ear our real purpose; I've convinced him that we mean to keep in the trade, dividing the treasure aboard, and sailing the bark to Porto Grande."

"Oh, so that's the game? And what is my part now?"

"This is my watch below, and it will be best for me to keep off the deck until all is prepared. Besides I am afraid to leave the cabin unguarded. There is no knowing what Gunsaules might do. You sound these men and get them together; wake up the ones in the starboard watch you feel sure are all right, and have them slip quietly on deck. LeVere will understand what you are up to, and will make no objection. As soon as you have everything ready, let me know."

"We are none of us armed, sir."

"That is what I was coming to. When you are sure of your men, and have them on deck, I'll get LeVere to send them all aft on some pretext or other. I'll think up a way to do this without creating any suspicion. Then we'll get these arms in the rack here, and be ready for business—the rest will be done in a hurry. You have it all clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll wait here for your report."

AT THE very best Watkins could scarcely perform the task assigned him in less than an hour. No doubt there were those on his list whom he would have to approach with great caution, while there was always danger that some word might be dropped to awaken suspicion. The success or failure of our effort depended entirely upon taking these fellows by complete surprise. If it came to an open fight our cause was hopeless, for that would mean fourteen

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As soon as you get them, I want you to put them on your eyes no matter how weak they may be from age; sit down at your fireside these cold wintry nights and you will be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the finest print in your newspaper or magazine; you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye-pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

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If you like to go out hunting occasionally, put on these latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles, go out into the woods some bright sunny morning and you will be delighted to find how greatly they help you in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game.

Or if you are fond of going to the movies once in a while, you can take a seat away in the back end of the theatre—to avoid the glimmer of the lights—and you will be pleased to notice that even the smallest words and pictures on the screen look just as clear and as plain to you as though you were sitting right in the front row, with the aid of these latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles.

Seeing is Believing

Now I realize that it may be hard for you—or any other spectacle-wearer whose sight has become greatly weakened from age—to believe that these latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles will again bring back to you the absolutely perfect sight of your younger days.

But you know the old saying "Seeing is believing" and I positively will not accept one single solitary penny from you until you have seen these latest-style spectacles and have found them more sight-improving to your own eyes than any spectacles you have ever bought anywhere at any price before. That is the reason why I am only asking you to fill out and mail me the coupon below, and I will immediately send you a handsome 10 karat gold-filled pair of the latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles by mail, all charges prepaid to try fully 10 days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

Cut Out this Coupon on this Line

AMERICAN SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 12 55th & Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I have read your liberal offer and want you to send me by mail all charges prepaid a handsome 10-karat gold filled pair of your latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, "sight-improving" spectacles, complete with an up-to-date leatherette spring-back pocket-book spectacle-case which you are offering on ten days absolute free trial.

I am going to try them out for reading or looking away off in the distance, for far or near, indoors or outdoors and, in every way you have mentioned above, and if I find them all you claim them to be after a ten days trial, I will pay you your advertising price of $2.85 and no more. I want you, however, to distinctly understand that if I do not find them to be right up-to-date in every respect or if they do not restore the absolutely perfect vision of my younger days, I will return them to you without a cent of pay as I don't intend to keep them unless they are much better than any spectacles I have ever used before and even then I positively will not pay for them unless I consider them a bargain at the advertising price of $2.85 which you are asking for them and you will have to take my word as final in this matter. **Be Sure and Answer the Following Questions:**

How old are you? Ans...... *How many years have you used glasses (if any) Ans.*.....

Name.....

County.....*Post Office*.....

R. R......*Box*.....*State*.....

Street and No. (if any).....

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DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 1417 Court Blk., Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

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for selling only 30 packets vegetable seeds at 10c per large packet. Handsome 42-piece Blue Bird Dinner Set given according to plan in our catalog. Send quick. Send no money.

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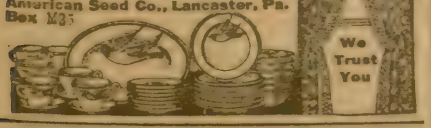

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30x3	4.65	1.30	32x4½	8.75	2.40
30x3½	5.65	1.40	34x4½	9.00	2.50
32x3½	6.20	1.50	35x4½	9.15	2.60
31x4	7.00	1.60	36x4½	9.35	2.70
33x4	7.40	1.85	37x5	9.65	2.80
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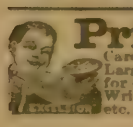

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or fifteen men unarmed, pitted against over a hundred, thoroly equipped and trained fighters. To be sure these were at present without a leader, yet their force alone was sufficient to overcome us; and some one among them would doubtless assume leadership in an emergency. Only by confining them below, with hatches battened down and a carronade trained upon them, would we be safe.

I sat where I could watch the stairs and the entire forward part of the cabin. Gunsaules lowered the table and began preparing the morning meal. He glanced at me each time he passed, but ventured on no questioning, altho it was quite evident the fellow was nearly bursting from curiosity. I lit my pipe, endeavoring to appear entirely at ease, as I turned over and over again in mind every detail of the contemplated action. With each review the result seemed more certainly assured, and my courage revived.

Except for some accident, or act of treachery, I could perceive no reason why my plan should not work perfectly. It was evident that LeVere was endeavoring to keep the watch on deck busy. I could hear his voice frequently, calling out orders and occasionally singling out some man for a special task. A slushing of water proved that the deck amidships was being washed down, and twice, at least, men were sent aloft to make some change in the spread of canvas.

I stepped across into my stateroom to gain a glimpse out thru the fort. Narrow as the vista was it yet revealed a beautiful sea view, the waves running high, but in long billows, with bright sunshine glowing along their crests, the hollows a deep purple. Above the sky was a pale blue, with scarcely a fleeting cloud visible, and the bark was sailing free, laying well over to the fresh breeze, evidently carrying all the spread of canvas possible. As I returned to the cabin, Gunsaules awaited me to announce breakfast.

"What already?"

"It is 6:30, Senor. Those were my orders."

"Very well; I suppose Estada and Manuel usually eat first?"

"Si, Senor."

"That leaves me alone; suppose you rap on the lady's door yonder, and ask if she will join me. Say your message is from Senor Gates."

She came forth immediately fully dressed, but bearing herself with reserve. On my part I made no effort at greeting, not certain as to what eyes might be observing us thru the deck light above, or, for the matter of that, unwilling to face the curiosity of the watchful steward.

"I had you called," I explained, "because of a disinclination to eat entirely alone. You were evidently awake?"

"Yes; I have not undressed. I felt no desire to sleep, altho, no doubt I dozed. The call to breakfast was quite welcome."

She seated herself opposite me, and we spoke of the weather while Gunsaules served with some skill. He was still hovering about, but my anxiety to enjoy a word with her alone caused me to send him on a task elsewhere.

"Has Captain Sanchez been attended to yet?" I asked sharply. "No; then see to him at once. I have reason to believe he is alone this morning, and will need you. Yes, we can get along very nicely."

We waited until he disappeared within the after-stateroom, bearing a tray; then her eyes suddenly lifted to mine, filled with questioning.

"Tell me what has happened?" She breathed eagerly. "I heard the noise of a struggle out here, and voices conversing. Why are you alone?"

I leaned over to speak in as low a tone as possible.

"I can only explain very briefly. The man who came into your room last night had just murdered Estada. LaVere and I found the mate's body at daylight. His killing was part of a plot by Manuel, and the buccaneers quartered amidships, to seize the bark. We have Manuel already prisoner and are preparing to gain possession of the boat ourselves."

"Who are planning? You have found friends on board?"

"I have made LeVere believe his only safety lies in assisting me. I told you about Watkins and the other men forward. He has picked out a dozen, or so, in whom he has confidence, English sailors mostly and is sounding them out. I expect him back with a report at any minute."

"And then what?" her excitement visible in her eyes. "What can a dozen men do?"

"Our main weapon is surprise, of course. By acting quickly we may gain control of the deck. If Watkins' estimate is correct, nine out of the port watch now on duty will be with us. If he can add to these five or six from the starboard watch below this will make a total, not counting LeVere and myself, of fifteen. There would be only five left to oppose us on deck and probably two of these would be on watch aloft. Once we gain control of the deck we may be able to lock the others below, and negotiate with them at our leisure. The plan looks to me quite possible."

She sat silently gazing at me across the table, seemingly failing to quite comprehend, her parted lips trembling to an unasked question. Before she could frame this into words, the door to the companion opened, and Watkins descended the stairs. At sight of her he whipped off his cap, and stood motionless, fumbling it awkwardly in his hands.

"You may speak freely," I said. "This is the young lady I told you about, and of course, she is with us. Only talk low, as the steward is in the stateroom yonder."

"Yes, sir," using a hoarse whisper, and fastening his gaze on me. "It's all right, sir."

"They are with us! How many?"

"Eight sure from my watch, sir. Harwood is in the foretop and couldn't be seen, but I'll answer for his bein' all right.' There was only four I could get word to in the forecastle, but there's others there who'll give us help soon as they know what's goin' on."

"That makes twelve of the men, fifteen of us altogether. Are the four from the starboard watch on deck?"

He nodded, clutching and unclutching his hands nervously, scarcely able to restrain himself.

Now will probably come the big scenes in the story, scenes in which true heroes, almost hopelessly outnumbered, are forced to combat swarms of human tigers—wild-eyed, bloodthirsty, fighting demons who stop at nothing, beside whom the wildest beasts of the jungle fade into insignificance. And time was when such fiends in human form existed and glorified their murderous deeds. History tells us as much. Don't miss the next big installment of the thrilling narrative.

Military Salute From Romans.

IN ROMAN times, when assassinations were of frequent occurrence, the custom was established that inferiors, when coming into the presence of their superiors, must raise the right hand, holding it with the palm turned outward to show that the hand was empty and contained no weapon. From this has come the custom of saluting.

Until recent years a sentinel, when accosted, removed his hat as well as saluting with his gun. This was done in the British army at the time of the American revolution. The headdress of those days was far different from the plain army hat of the present day and it was a difficult matter for a soldier while saluting with his gun to remove his hat as well. This was therefore changed to the custom of raising the hand to the brim of the hat in saluting.

Similarly interesting is the reason for asking witnesses to remove their gloves before being sworn. In the old days when a person broke the laws of the times and became a criminal it was the custom, upon conviction, to brand him on the palm of his right hand. In being sworn as a witness the raising of the uncovered right hand with palm outward would disclose to those present whether the person about to be give testimony had been so branded, or had not.

Story of Lost Holy Grail.

THE holy grail was the cup used by Christ at the last supper. In this vessel Joseph of Arimathea caught the last drop of Christ's blood as He was taken from the cross. By Joseph, according to one account, the cup was carried to Britain. Other accounts affirm that it was brought by angels from heaven and intrusted to a body of knights who guarded it on the top of a mountain; when approached by any one not perfectly pure it vanished from sight.

The grail having been lost, it became the great object of search or quest to knights errant of all nations, none being qualified to discover it but a knight perfectly chaste in thought and act.

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Free Trial of a Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort of Loss of Time

We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as Chronic Asthma or Hay Fever, you should send for a free Trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with Asthma or Hay Fever, our method should relieve you promptly.

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"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."

I want every sufferer from any form of muscular and sub-acute (swelling at the joints) rheumatism, to try the great value of my improved "Home Treatment" for its remarkable healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address, and I will send it free to try. After you have used it, and it has proven itself to be that long-looked for means of getting rid of such forms of rheumatism, you may send the price of it, One Dollar, but understand I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer, when relief is thus offered you free. Don't delay. Write today.

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Please send free trial of your method to:

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Truth Crushed to Earth

(Continued From Page 2)

ink an' a pen. Step lively, will ye. Git some gumption to ye."

Kittie obeyed. In despondent mood, she did not come back with her usual spirited rejoinder.

Josiah scratched away vigorously with a pen even less compliant than his daughter. At length he rose, stretched himself like one who has faithfully performed an arduous duty, and made for the kitchen. From the doorway he threw back:

"Now, gal, take that there paper, it's the skedule of our pussonal proputty tax—over to Lem Clay's. He's a notary. Tell him to stamp it and mail it to the city hall."

He clomped thru the kitchen on his way to the woodshed, where he had left his smoking tobacco.

The ink upon the paper had not dried. In the tempestuous heap of documents upon the table, Kittie rummaged for a blotter.

Whatever his virtues, one thing is certain, Josiah had little respect for Heaven's first law. When ready, he would gather up that masterly confusion, and toss it back, still unarranged into that cabinet with which Kittie had been forbidden to tamper.

He was coming back. She heard his step upon the porch. Of course, he would snarl at her for her slowness, or would make some sarcastic comment. She clutched the paper, and hurried away without stopping to put on her hat.

From Petersley's to the notary's office is four blocks. As Kittie walked the first of these, she allowed her disagreeable reflections to have full sway. Her father treated her shamefully for a girl 17 years old. It seemed as tho he had grown crabbier than ever since they had lived in the city. They had come from a small town; before that, when she was quite a little girl, from the country. She had no aunts nor uncles; no brother or sister; and mother was but a name to her.

These unpleasant reminiscences occupied her mind until the end of the second block.

Realizing that she was walking rather rapidly, she moderated her pace. "Wonder what Pa figured the old piano was worth," she mused. She slipped her hand into the pocket of her dress, and took out the schedule.

She unfolded it and began to read it as she walked along. Suddenly she came to a full stop. Her brows contracted. Upon her face was an expression of amazement.

Then light broke in upon her. "So that's what he's been doing," she exclaimed indignantly. All at once she burst out laughing.

SHE did not go directly to the notary's. Across the street in a drug store was a telephone booth. For full fifteen minutes Kittie kept the wires buzzing.

Josiah always took a nap after dinner. While he was peacefully reposing, the door to Kittie's room opened, and forth tiptoed that young lady—her eyes shining with excitement.

A few minutes later she was in that very drug store from which she had telephoned in the morning.

She looked very pretty as she sat at a table ordinarily dedicated to sodas and sundaes—her eyes dancing—her smooth, round chin uptilted saucily.

Thru the window she glimpsed a young fellow in khaki. It was Phil Carter. He beckoned to her.

They turned south, and walked along, chatting briskly.

"Who could have believed it of him?" marveled Kittie.

"I call it mean," responded Phil. "But all's well that ends well. Do you think he'll find out—too soon?"

"Not unless he wakes up, and gets in touch with Lem Clay."

"There's a taxi," interrupted Phil, and they ran toward it.

They got out in front of a brown stone building that stood, grim and weather-beaten in the heart of the city.

They went in, and made their way to the nearest elevator, from which they stepped into a wide corridor, along whose sides, glassy-eyed, were officers. They turned into one of these.

Along the wall, were chairs; for the most part, occupied. Behind an oaken paling, stenographers clicked busily at their machines.

Every one looked up when they entered. Phil blushed; but the gentle pressure on his arm encouraged him; and, at the fateful window, thru which peered a bespectacled official, he announced quite casually:

"We want a license."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the office door again swung open, and toward them strode Josiah Petersley, bristling with pacifistic rage.

"Hold on there. Yer not going to marry that soldier feller. Don't give him no license. I object."

All eyes were centered on them. Phil flushed, and his lip trembled. "What have you against me, Mr. Petersley?"

"Yer a soldier. Ye've toted murderous weapons. Come, Kittie." He grasped her arm as tho to impel her in the direction of the door.

But Kittie drew back.

"Well, Miss Independence! Ain't ye my daughter? Ain't ye got to obey me? Come now."

Kittie turned to Phil. "Hadn't I better put Pa wise, dear?"

Carter smiled. "I'm sorry about this, Mr. Petersley. If you'd been on the level with us, things might have gone smoothly."

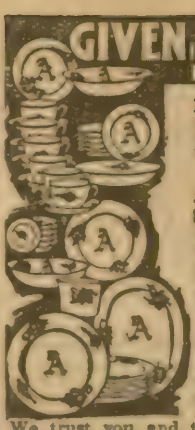
Josiah became apoplectic: "You pert young smart elec. That girl can't get married 'less I say so."

"You tell him, dear," sighed Kittie, "I can't."

Phil hesitated.

Kittie Petersley slowly shook her head from side to side. Then she regarded her father with judicial severity.

"Pa, all my life, you've kept the truth



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The Kibler Co., Dept. A45, Indianapolis, Ind.

HOW TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

A Cincinnati Barber Tells How to Make a Remedy for Gray Hair.

A well known resident of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has been a barber for more than forty years, recently made the following statement:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ ounce glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the most delicate scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

Win $1000.00

How Many Objects Beginning With "S" Can You Find in This Picture?

Here's a picture that contains a lot of objects beginning with the letter "S." The object of the game is to find the most. Twenty cash prizes will be given for the twenty best lists of words submitted in this Puzzle Game. The persons sending in the largest and nearest correct list of "S-words" will win 1st prize, the second best, 2nd prize, etc.

Without any trouble whatever you can readily see such objects as "shovel," "saddle," "stove" and "steeple," can't you? Well, the others are just as plain, but the idea is to see who can find the most. I wonder how many of these "S-words" you can find? Can you find twenty, or thirty, or how many? It's lots of fun—try it.

Every object has been drawn plainly so everybody can recognize it. There are none hidden—you can see them at a glance. No need to turn the picture upside down or sideways, or tilt it, this way or that. Jot each word down as you see it, and when your list is complete send it in to The Gentlewoman Magazine and try for the big prizes.

You can win $1000

This is not a subscription contest. You don't need to send in a subscription to win a prize unless you want to, but our bonus rewards for boosters make the prizes bigger where subscriptions are sent in. If your puzzle answer is awarded first prize by the judges, and you have not sent in any subscriptions, you will win $20, but if you would like to win more than $20, we are making the following special offer, whereby you can win bigger cash prizes by sending in $3 or $5 worth of subscriptions for The Gentlewoman Magazine.

THE PRIZES

Winning Answers Will Receive Prizes as Follows:

20 Grand Prizes	Prizes given if no subscriptions are sent	Prizes given if $3 worth of subscriptions are sent	Prizes given if $5 worth of subscriptions are sent
1st Prize....	$20.00	$500.00	$1,000.00
2nd Prize....	15.00	375.00	750.00
3rd Prize....	10.00	200.00	400.00
4th Prize....	8.00	100.00	200.00
5th Prize....	6.00	75.00	150.00
6th Prize....	5.00	50.00	100.00
7th Prize....	3.00	35.00	75.00
8th Prize....	3.00	25.00	50.00
9th Prize....	3.00	15.00	30.00
10th to 15th	2.00	10.00	20.00
16th to 20th	1.00	5.00	10.00

Here's the Plan

If your answer to the "S-word" puzzle is awarded first prize by the judges and you have sent in three dollars' worth of subscriptions to THE GENTLEWOMAN MAGAZINE you will win $500 instead of $20; second prize, $375; third prize, $200, etc. (See second column of prize list). Or, if your answer wins first prize and you have sent in five dollars' worth of subscriptions to The Gentlewoman Magazine, you will receive $1,000 as your prize, instead of $20; second prize, $750; third prize, $400, etc. (See third column in prize list).

Isn't this a dandy offer? But look: extra amounts will be given on all prizes in the same manner. It takes but five dollars' worth of subscriptions to qualify your answer for the big $1,000 reward. ABSOLUTELY, $5 worth is all. You'll find it easy to get a few subscriptions to THE GENTLEWOMAN MAGAZINE. It is by far the best home magazine published for the price. It is filled with splendid stories, fashions, department for fancy work and articles on seasonable topics, etc.

Observe These Simple Rules

1. Any man, woman, boy or girl living in the U. S. but residing outside of New York City, who is not an employe of The Gentlewoman Magazine, or a member of the employe's family, may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by March 30, 1922.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. Do not write subscribers' names or anything else on same paper with list of words; use separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use compound, hyphenated or obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. The same objects can be named only once; however, any visible part of the object may also be named.
6. The person sending in the largest and nearest correct list of words will win first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be paid to each tied participant.
9. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not subscriptions for The Gentlewoman Magazine are sent in.
10. Three New York business men, having no connection with The Gentlewoman Magazine, will be selected to act as judges to decide the winners, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.
11. The judges will meet directly following close of the contest and announcement of winners and correct list of words will be published in The Gentlewoman Magazine just as quickly thereafter as possible.

Extra Puzzle Picture Free on Request

THE GENTLEWOMAN MAGAZINE: 3 YEARS, 50c.

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from me. To better keep me under your thumb, I suppose."

"Why—what—how's this?" stammered Josiah.

"Don't 'stall, Pa. Didn't you find the tax schedule this morning? I got the papers mixed. Do you know what I took for the notary? It was my birth certificate. I'm 18."

* * *

Strange.

Tom—This match won't light."

Dick—That's funny. It lit all right a minute ago.

Rill O' the River

(Continued From Page 19)

has to have a fling; he wouldn't be a real man if he didn't. You don't want to be a sissy?"

Dave flared up at that. He had the sudden temper that had made the O'Ryans famous before even they became the Olivington Ryans.

"Nobody can call me a sissy," he said. "And get by with it. I've been out on all the bats you guys have started. Some of'm have been fun and some just plain rot. But I believe in keeping decent myself. I don't know that I care very much about this "fling" that you're talking about."

Billy Neal was 18. He had all of the knowledge of life and the cocksureness that youngsters of that age like, at least, to assume.

"Hear him! Hear him!" Bill interrupted. "To hear you talk, Dave, any one'd think we was tryin' t' induce you to be a regular out-and-out white slaver. All I mean is we'll just go down and look one of them 'joints' over. There's plenty of'm here in Des Moines all right, all right, and wide open, too."

Red Carson agreed. "Aw, come on, Dave, don't be a spoil sport."

So Dave had agreed.

But here under his father's honest, comradelike eyes the great adventure didn't seem so thrilling.

The Daves, Sr. and Jr., had been great pals.

The boy made a quick mental decision to forego the "adventure."

"Goin' any place tonight?" he ventured.

"The Tillons' reception," his mother informed him immediately.

"Dad, you goin'?"

"Junior! Of course, your father's going. How would it look? Why, he's one of the patrons."

The question was settled .

* * * * * * *

Dave met Red and Billy at Sixth and Locust, just as they'd planned. He had a queer, ashamed feeling. Tho a dignified and mighty senior in High, occasionally Dave still had that queer kiddish feeling he had had away back in, well, sixth grade, for instance, the time Miss Loren, the principal of the old grade school building—(gee, them were the days)—gave him a whipping for helping to snowball the grocery kid. Dave always felt that way when he was—well, ashamed.

"Where'll it be, Billy?" he questioned. He'd decided he wouldn't be a quitter.

"A taxi's the stunt," announced Red. "Quickest way to get next."

RILL had gone past the place every day on her fruitless tramp, tramp in search of work.

But her feet lagged now.

She stepped into the shadow of a ragged, overspreading lilac bush that shielded the double window in the front of the house.

The shades were partly drawn.

A man came up the walk, looked around him a bit furtively and then slipped into the house.

Rill started away.

Another man was coming down the street. He was young and rather well dressed.

Rill brushed against him.

"Going in?" she inquired, brazenly.

The man peered into her face. "Well, look who's here," he laughed.

They went in.

The man was evidently familiar with the place.

A woman, rather old and decidedly plain, met them at the door.

"'Lo," the woman said and looked toward Rill significantly.

"It's all right," the man said.

They went thru two living-rooms.

There were several people there, three or four around a table for cards; a woman, showily dressed, was half-lying, half-sitting, on a big davenport, while between the curtain of an alcove Rill could see three or four people about a piano.

Dave wasn't especially enjoying the fling..

He kept wtching Red anxiously. Red's face was flushed. He started to make inane, senseless remarks about "home brew" and "hootch kootch." It evidently sounded very funny to Red, for he laughed hilariously and sometimes repeated the same joke immediately.

Bill had slipped out of the room a few minutes before. He was talking with a plucked eye-browed person whose streaked hair plainly indicated the application of a homemade henna preparation of the non-imported variety.

Dave's girl was a silly little thing, immature, and thin-chested and not especially pretty. She chattered all the time. She evidently was nervous.

Dave felt her cold little hand close over his with a pressure decidedly suggestive.

The blood mounted to his forehead.

Why it was ridiculous. Positively ridiculous. This silly little thing. Why, she might have been Maryetta Brown, his little neighbor girl, freshman at West this very year.

Of a sudden Dave felt that he ought to take her home to her mother and suggest an all-fired good spanking for her.

And curiously enough the thrill of the "great adventure" disappeared. It was all so sordid and cheap. The girls with their carmined cheeks, their artificially brilliant eyes and their shrill high affected laughter. Oh! It was all unbelievably sordid and tawdry.

Dave squared his shoulders. But he was glad he'd come. If this was the

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But if you can solve this Presidents' Name Puzzle you may win $1,000 in cash first prize; second prize, $500; third, $200; fourth, $100; fifth, $75; sixth, $60; seventh, $40; eighth, $30; ninth, $20, or six prizes, $10 each. Look at the new Presidents' Name Puzzle below—there are nine names of Presidents with letters of each all mixed up. Can you rearrange the "scrambled letters" and get these nine names of Presidents all correct?

For example—one is President Harding—and in each case the two black letters shown are the first two letters of Presidents' names. To solve this puzzle write down the names of the Presidents on a sheet of paper. You receive one hundred points for each correct name.

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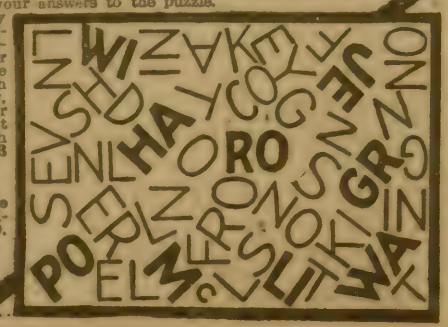
This makes a total of 985 points—only 15 less than are necessary for the $1,000 prize. These 15 points will cost you nothing. They will be awarded for the largest list of words spelled with the 18 first two letters of the nine Presidents' surnames. But don't send word list now—get Free Seeds and Bargain List first.

That would make 1,000 points in all—they are easy to get and don't cost you a cent for anything but a postage stamp to send in your answers to the puzzle.

Start right in—now. Get the whole family to help. Refer to history or library or teachers for names of presidents or maybe you remember them all. You get 100 points for each correct name or 900 points if all are correct. Write your answer plainly, watch spelling, write on one side of the paper only, put your name and address plainly in upper right hand corner of first page. Do your best and you may win. Just think, $1,000 cash first prize, $500 cash second prize, and 13 more big cash prizes. Who will get these?



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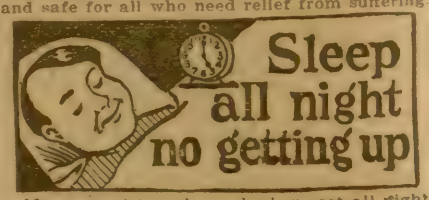

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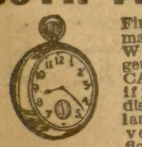

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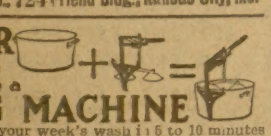

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adventure that a man couldn't be a man without experiencing, well, he'd be a boy to the end of his days.

"I've got to be going," Dave said suddenly and coldly. "Red come along home."

A sudden loud whistle smote the air. Somebody shrieked "Police!" and Dave found himself the midst of a wild panic of scuttling individuals.

Afterward Dave laughed to himself to think of how like rodents these human rats had scampered away to hide at first sound of the policeman's siren-voiced whistle.

One wild idea was soon smiting upon Dave's brain. He could see in great staring letters "David O'Ryan, Jr. arrested in a disorderly house," streaming across the front page of the morning paper.

And strange as it may seem, simultaneously with this vision he could see his father's eyes, those comradelike eyes—dear old dad. He was a man's man, nothing effeminate about him, and all his life he'd been decent.

The next thing Dave realized he was scrambling over what seemed to be tons and tons and tons of coal—hundreds of them, but there was a faint light ahead—the window above the coal hole.

Dave halted. A girl was ahead of him in the scrambling.

She was crying. David could hear her even above the rattle of the sliding coal.

"Oh, you've got to help me, you've just got to help me," she was saying as he finally clambered up beside her. "I just can't go to the police station. I just can't. My—my roommate, she's sick in bed and there's nothing to eat. I can't—go to the police station."

Dave had the quick, sure knowledge that this wasn't the first experience of the kind the girl had had.

"It's all right," he reassured her. "It's perfectly all right."

The coal window yielded to his push and he scrambled out. He helped her out.

"Thanks," said a voice. "You saved me the trip down there. I heard you coming."

Dave looked up into the eyes of a burly policeman. It was Dave's first intimate experience with a blue-coated preserver of the peace and again those staring headlines floated before his dizzy eyes.

"Come along."

They went along.

In the glare from the headlights of the police patrol wagon just pulling into the drive Dave saw her face.

"You?" he questioned.

Rill nodded. "I knew you the minute you spoke," she said.

Here is a sorry predicament for David, Jr. and the unfortunate Rilletta. What will be their fate when they, with the others, are lined up before the police court magistrate? What will the proud and wealthy Olivington Ryans say when they read their morning paper? And who will care for the poor innocent girl back there in her evil abode, penniless, alone and ill? For light on these questions read the next big installment in next week's Ledger.

The Long Finger of Fate

(Continued From Page 8)

The god of Manliness must have thrilled with pride at the sight of John Woods at that instant.

His boyish face had flushed a dull, brick red, his voice quivered, but it was a man's voice that answered. "You're my father or you wouldn't dare use that word to speak of the girl I love and am going to marry."

And with the words John Woods walked out of his father's house, never to reenter it.

Human passion is a terrible thing. It stalks rampant over the heartstrings of earth mortals.

Banker Woods' son, an 18-year-old boy, had proved himself a man possessed in an instant of many times the dignity and honor his father could gather in all his years of selfish living and of money-grabbing.

But the father's passion, stalking still at its height, would not be downed. He went to the rickety Jensen cottage. He'd show them! They could keep their hands off from his son! Such women should be tarred and feathered and ridden from town on a rail! That's what the Ku Klux Klan was good for!

He entered the Jensen home with curses and recriminations. Faith Jensen cowered in her chair. She was too gentle. She could not retaliate.

But not so Joy. With her cheeks flaming red banners of defiance Joy Jensen faced Banker Woods. "Marry any person connected with you? With YOU——"

If Joy Jensen could have realized the lashing scourge of her voice and the loathing emphasis on that word, her soul would have filled with glee.

Whereupon Banker Woods changed his tactics. "Now, that's what I thought. That's what I thought," he conciliated, rubbing his hands together. "If it's matter of money, for you to get out of town with and get started in business some place why—why just so long as you let the boy alone——" He fished in his pockets and drew out a roll of bills. He placed them on the table before Joy. "Maybe—maybe this would help."

Joy glanced from the bills to the banker and then back again.

Her face was ashy pale, her voice quivered not an atom as she answered him:

"Take your money," she said slowly. "Pick it up."

Mechanically the banker obeyed. That level, clear and fearless eye fascinated him.

"Now get out."

He went.

It was Joy Jensen's last word to Eden.

THAT night Faith Jensen, the scarlet woman, and her daughter left Eden.

Eden folks never knew how they went, but I knew, for years after Joy Jensen, beautiful, talented, successful, told me.

They left on a thru-going freight train to the West that had stopped for water at Eden, and they landed in Denver, Colo., just eight days later. God, Luck, which must have relented at being against them so long, and a kindhearted brakeman, who realized the presence of heartbreaking tragedy when he saw it in the eyes of two whitefaced women, had helped them.

An old poet once wrote lines to this effect: "There is a tide of man's fortune which, when taken at the ebb, leads upward——"

Maybe this tide and not the long arm of coincidence was responsible for the amazing things which happened in the lives of the scarlet woman and her daughter.

They were in the passenger depot at Denver. Being two instinctively neat and dainty women, they had repaired as carefully as they could the ravages of an eight-day trip on a freight train when hidden away behind boxes and bales and they were holding the dollar—(the brakeman was a good man at heart, he was newly-married, and all thru that long trip he's been haunted by the thought, "What if Molly (his pretty wife) should ever need some man's help." Therefore their safe and well-fed arrival at Denver had cost him money and anxiety and even lies. The dollar had been the last concession)—and wondering what they would do next.

Of a sudden Faith Jensen glanced up to meet the eyes of a tall, brown, Western-looking man. Those eyes had been anxiously regarding her.

Quite simply, as tho all of the heartaches and tears and bitterness of a lifetime could be swept away in an instant, Faith Jensen spoke one word, "Mark?"

Joy Jensen never liked to think of the next few minutes. They were too starkly real. A human being cannot gaze into a naked, bleeding heart without a sense of awe.

The first thing the girl really realized or understood was when Faith Jensen said, "Mark, this is your daughter."

Joy Jensen might, under other circumstances, have hated her father, but hate could not live after a sight of the emotion which filled the man's eyes.

"I did not know. I did not know. It was just a boyish folly. I had almost forgotten—until I saw you here."

Blood is thicker than water, you know, and suddenly in the heart of Joy Jensen a love was born, an eighteen-years-late love of a daughter for her father.

Yes, Faith Jensen, the scarlet woman, married the father of her child. He had been a wanderer on the face of the earth, a construction engineer. He had never married and Faith had been the only woman in his life.

"I always meant to come back. I planned each year, and then I'd put it off until I got ahead more. But oh, I didn't know what you were going thru. I

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No matter how long you have suffered—how much you have doctored—how many times you have been told your case is incurable I positively guarantee that my special Remedy "A" will end the worst case of stomach trouble (except cancer) and expel any tape-worm or I make no charge for the treatment. I take all the risk, you none. You must get satisfactory results or you are out nothing. Don't suffer another minute—send me your name and address today and get FREE PROOF by return mail. Walter A. Reisner, Box A-64, Milwaukee, Wis.

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Just send your name and address—we will send you this Ladies' High-Grade Bracelet Watch C. O. D. This watch is a tremendous value, 7 Jewel movement, Gold filled case, extra small size. Guaranteed for 5 years. Pay postman $3.98 upon delivery.

H. Reisman & Co., Dept. 15,136 W. Lake St., Chicago

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All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment. I want you just to try this treatment—that's all—**just try it.** That's my only argument.

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 20 years. I served four years as a member of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and five years as President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over **twenty thousand** Men Women and Children outside of Fort Wayne, have, according to their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

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Send me your name and address on the coupon below and get the trial treatment I want to send you FREE. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be **proof.**

CUT AND MAIL TODAY

J. C. HUTZELL, Druggist, No. 4146 West Main St., Fort Wayne Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name_____ Age_____

Post Office_____ State_____

Street and No._____

didn't know." Boyishly irresponsible, even criminally careless Mark Grange might always be, but at heart he was a man with a man's keen sense of honor.

Because Mark Grange was so much of a man, and because he wanted to make up to his wife and daughter for all the unhappiness that had been theirs on his account is perhaps the reason why the beautiful Grange home in Denver came to be. For Mark Grange was a wealthy man.

Faith was lost in a transport of delight. Every now and then Joy would come home to find her pretty little mother singing in her happiness. Joy's father, too, was happy.

The long span of wasted years had been bridged and they lived in truth the joys that might have been.

But Joy was not happy.

For Joy had put an Eden out of her heart. No word came from John Woods, or of him. And indeed how could it come?

AND again the years slipped on. Seven of them, in fact.

That old, old proverb is so true: "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine."

It was a mid-afternoon of late fall.

Joy Grange, policewoman, settled wearily back at her desk.

Bob Harmes, police reporter of the Daily Times, looked at her anxiously.

"You're all tired out, Miss Grange," he said. "This life is too hard for a woman of refinement. Why you stick to it is more than I can tell."

The woman smiled. "I love it, Bob," she said at last. "It's the breath of life to me. Sometimes I do get a bit tired, but I can't quit, for you see—well, it's my work."

"I can't understand it, Joy," the man persisted. "You're beautiful, you have a wonderful home, you have a father and mother whose greatest happiness is to give you anything your heart desires and yet you chose this life here—the daily grind of a police station instead. Why you—you were born with a golden spoon in your mouth and—and don't know it."

Joy Grange laughed aloud. Then her mood suddenly changed. "I'll tell you why I chose this life, Bob," she said slowly. "It's because I feel that I have to help. In and out of this building women, wrecks of human beings, pass. They need a friend. How much they need a friend only God or a woman like me could ever know. So that's how I happen to forget the golden spoon, Bob dear, and besides, you see I wasn't born with it after all."

A sudden sharp ring of the telephone on the desk broke the silence that followed the woman's speech.

Bob Harmes at her elbow heard quite distinctly the clear, high-flung voice that launched itself out of the instrument.

"This is Tilly"—the matron up in the woman's part of the jail—"Nellie Burt's in again. Yes, just now brought in. She's done for this time I guess."

Then in answer to the policewoman's quick questions—

"Stabbed. In a quarrel with the Mexican. She's dyin' and she's rarin' and tearin' and yankin' her hair for a pill. Doc says ain't no use even startin' to the hospital. Wants to see you. Can you come up? Right away? Aw'right."

Joy Grange put the receiver on its hook.

"It's Nellie Burt again," she explained quickly to Bob. "Don't you know about her? She's one of Denver's worst. A scarlet woman. Nothing too terrible for that woman to do. At first she kept a grand establishment—that was before she became a regular patron of the police station. She had millionaires for patrons. But she kept getting lower and lower. She took to morphine. Now she lives in a dirty little dump down on the river front and negroes and Mexicans and——"

Joy passed her hand wearily over her eyes as tho she would shut out for an instant the depths to which this other woman had fallen.

"I like her. I don't know why. There's something about her that—reminds me of other days."

The young policewoman left the room slowly.

Up in the woman's department of the city jail on a narrow, hard bunk in a celled room, a disheveled, wild-eyed specimen of humanity tossed and rolled, uttering and weeping and sometimes laughing crazily as she tossed.

Joy Grange crossed the bare stone floor hesitantly.

"I'm here, Nellie," she said softly. "Did you want me?"

The woman on the bunk turned haggard, unseeing eyes toward her. "I'm done for," she said. "Dago Joe got me with his knife. I ain't sorry. This ain't such a h—l of a grand world to leave. Only before I shuffle off I wanted to see you. I—I wanted—Joy Jensen, don't you know me?"

Somehow it seemed to Joy as she stood there gazing down into the besotted face of the woman before her that suddenly the lines of sin and the marks of bestial living slipped away and she saw again the face of the girl this woman once had been.

God gives us the foundation you know and then life traces its story there.

"Yes, I'm Gladys Woods," the woman on the bed went on. "I know you never guessed and I wouldn't ever tell before. Back in Eden I'm supposed to be in school and travelin' in Europe. Yes, the folks know, but they'd lie—they'd lie like they always have. Anything to keep up a front, you know. They say I've broke their hearts——"

There was a long silence. Each breath the woman on the cot drew came in a long, slow, agonized gasp.

Finally with a last effort she wrenched herself into a sitting posture——

"I didn't call you up here because I wanted any sympathy. I ain't got no more love for you than you've got for me. But there's one human bein' on earth I do love. He's square and decent. That's my brother. You did him a dirty trick. He loves you. I'm low, I'll admit, but if any decent man's ever loved me I might not have been here today. John's in town right now. Came to plead with me. He left money. He wanted me to go to a hospital and straighten up and be decent. I took the money and he went away. Dago Joe came home. We quarreled over the money. That's how I got mine. C—cal John, Plaza 9-3-6——"

The head of the dying woman sank forward upon her chest.

Gently Joy Grange placed it back on the pillow. There was a peal of hysterical laughter, dying away to a horrible throaty gurgle—the soul of Gladys Woods had gone to face its outraged Maker.

Joy Grange spoke the number into the telephone with shaking voice. What if the dying woman had been mistaken? Plaza 9-3-6.

The voice of John Woods answered.

TWO heart-broken old people and a host of sorrowing friends met the body of Gladys Woods at the depot of Eden.

The town was in the deepest, more reverent mourning. Banker Woods' daughter, young, accomplished, beautiful, just in the height of her talented achievements had been taken by the grim reaper.

And Death was very merciful. Like magic the evil lines that life had placed upon the woman's brow in death had been erased.

"How beautiful she was." "Truly the finest are taken." Those were the things the Eden people said as they passed slowly before her body as it lay in state in the little town hall of Eden.

How the crimson soul of Gladys Woods must have laughed in mirthless derision if it hovered over that assemblage.

But wealth knows no scarlet woman.

* * * * * * *

A thousand miles away from Eden, toward the sunset, a man clasped a woman in strong arms.

"Let me hear you say it again, Joy, let me hear you say it again."

And looking into the eyes of the man she loved, Joy Grange repeated. "I love you, John. I will marry you and as long as I live I shall never run away from you again."

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

231—

Hour-glass Puzzle.

.....	a lattice work.
.....	a commander.
...	a number.
.	a consonant.
...	a farm animal.
.....	a boy's name.
.....	to polish.

The centrals form the name of one of the greatest Americans.

Riddle-me-ree.

232—My first is is north but not in south.
My second is in you but not in me.
My third is in tell but not in hear.
My fourth is in coffee but not in cocoa.
My fifth is in star but not in moon.
My whole is a tool that children use in school.

Hidden Furniture.

233—1. May got a tablet for her Christmas.
2. My father walks so fast.
3. Such air as we breathe in our schoolroom is hurtful.
4. My brother's tools are always out of place.
5. What! not going to the party tonight?
6. Vic! Ribbons are out of place on school girls.
7. What spool cotton is the best to use?
8. Boys, stop that racket.
9. Lily made skips going along to school every day.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

228—Floral Word Deletions.

1. Lost-Clematis-Mace. 2. Van-Verbena-Beer. 3 Gray-Syringa-Sin. 4. Enid-Celandine-Clean. 5. Ten-Gentian-Gain. 6. Image-Geranium-Rum.

229—A Film Favorite.

Mary Pickford. March, Yellow, Pickerel, Kale, Forty, Denmark.

230—Word Square.

S L E D
L A T E
E T N A
D E A R

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Jackson—Did Duffy's widow succeed in breaking his will?

Johnson—Yes, long before he died.

Clear as Mud.

"FATHER," said the son, looking up from a book with a puzzled expression on his face, "what is pride?"

"Pride," returned the father, "pride! Why—a—a Oh, surely, you know what pride is! A sort of being stuck up, a kind of—well, proud, you know. Just get the dictionary; that's the thing to tell you exactly what it is. There's nothing like a dictionary, Johnnie."

"Here it is," said the latter, after exhaustive search. "Pride—being proud."

"Um—yes, that's it," replied the father.

"But——"

"Well, look at 'proud.' That's the way you have got to hunt these things out, my lad."

"I've got it," answered Johnnie. "Pre-pri- pro— Why——"

"What does it say?"

"'Proud—having pride.'"

"That's it! There you are, as clear as day. I tell you, Johnnie, there is nothing like a good dictionary when you are young. Take care of the binding, my son, as you put it back."

CURES ASTHMA OR COSTS NOTHING.

Any reader who suffers from the above disease can be quickly cured without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of C. Leavengood, 1558 S. W. Blvd., Rosedale, Kansas. Don't send a penny—just write Mr. Leavengood and he will send you a big bottle of his prescription on 10 days' trial. If it cures pay $1.25. Otherwise you owe nothing.—Adv.

CURES PILES OR COSTS NOTHING.

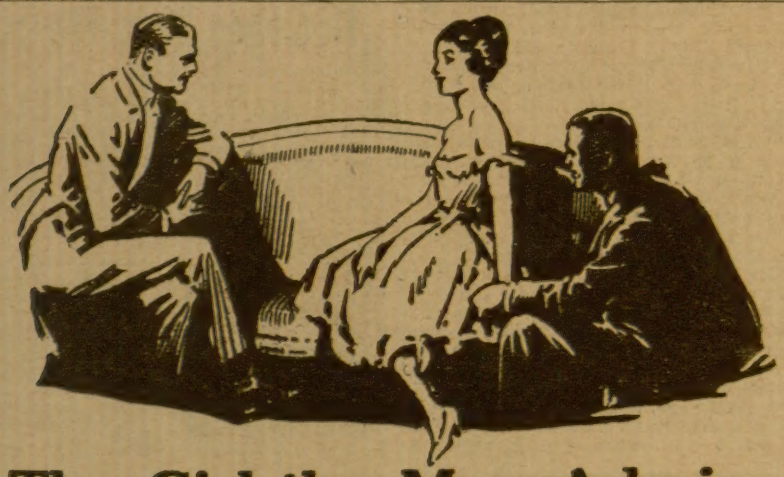
Any reader who suffers from the above disease can be quickly cured without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of W. R. Darlington, 302 Kuro Building, Kansas City, Mo. Don't send a penny—just write Mr. Darlington and he will send you a regular 10 day FREE TRIAL Treatment. If it cures send $2.00. Otherwise you owe nothing.—Adv.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa. —Adv.



The Girl the Men Admire

Some girls seem to draw all the admiration of the men—it is not always beauty of face or figure which attracts them—often it is a wholesome vivacity and vitality that is the envy of other girls. The girl is wholesome and often beautiful who is strong and well. It is within the reach of every woman to be well, healthy and strong if she will take her neighbor's advice and start treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Beauty is health. A beautiful skin, sparkling eyes, vigor and vivacity follow.. This is the safest woman's tonic because it is made entirely of roots and herbs, without alcohol. (Ingredients on label.) Prescribed over 50 years ago by Dr. Pierce, who became famous for his successful treatment of the diseases which afflict womankind, so this "Prescription" is 50 years old, and its age testifies to its goodness. A medicine that has made sick women well for half a century is surely good to take.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package and write for free confidential medical advice.

Toledo, Ohio—"Up to the age of sixteen I was backward in womanly development. My mother was afraid I would suffer seriously later on if I did not have some help. She then gave me Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and I have every reason to believe that my health in later years was due to this tonic and nervine which was taken at the most critical period of my life. What Favorite Prescription did for me I am confident it will do for other girls if they'll try it."—Mrs. Walter Fletcher, 1445 Norwood Ave.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

FARM LANDS

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OFFICIAL 112-page book, "Vacant Government Lands," lists and describes every acre in every county in U. S.; tells location, place to apply, how secured free. 1922 diagrams and tables, new laws, lists, etc.; price 50 cents postpaid. Webb Publishing Co., Dept. 108, St. Paul, Minn.

LAND FOR SALE

THIRTEEN CENTS DAILY FOR 10 MONTHS buys outright five acres Texas oil and mineral land that may be worth $100,000. Write Gulf Realty Company, 311 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

FARM WANTED

FARM WANTED. SEND DESCRIPTION and price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

FOR SALE—WISCONSIN FARM, 268 ACRES, with all stock and implements, very reasonable. Write for information. M. J. Ochadlowski, 2910 N. Rockwell, Chicago, Ill.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

AMERICA'S GREATEST FORTUNES HAVE been made in the moving picture business. Small investment needed. We furnish complete theatre equipment. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Dept. 600, Monarch Theatre Supply Co., 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODESTONE tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

STOCK SALESMEN WANTED—TOP COMmissions to producers. Your chance to clean up quick. Three producing wells; three wells drilling; 1 El Dorado; 2 Mexia section. Advertising and co-operating campaign makes sales easy. Leads furnished. $2900 on $100 already paid investors with me. This looks like record winner. Our salesmen are cleaning up. Get option on territory while developments now going on. Don't answer unless you mean business and can deliver the goods. Henry H. Hoffman, Pres., Bluebird Oil Corporation, Dept. 102, Houston, Texas.

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUtomobile oils, roofing, stock food to consumers from samples; no capital or experience necessary; steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

SALESPEOPLE WANTED — MEN AND women. Earn $10 to $15 a day selling remedies, cosmetics, soaps, coffee, and food products; best quality, easy sellers; you own and run your own business; we teach you how; selling experience unnecessary; you can make $25 to $100 a week the year around. Write today for special sample offer. Furst & Thomas, Distributers, Desk 10, Freeport, Ill.

AGENTS SELL THE PLYMOUTH SHOPPING bag. Leatherette sateen lined, made to sell for $1. Large profit to you. A 15 year old boy sold 25 in a few days. Lady, 7 in one hour. A 70 year old man, 70 doz. in a few weeks. Write for full particulars. Sample by post, 75c. E. Kondon, 12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., 1142-44 N. Hancock St., Desk 40, Philadelphia, Penn.

FREE TO PORTRAIT MEN—NEW LIVE monthly publications devoted to the interests of independent portrait men will be sent you absolutely free of charge. Only periodical of its kind published. Information of vital interest to you in every issue. Send your name today. The Magnet, Dept. C-12, Westerville, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED—TO SELL EX DONO hair pomade. Straightens kinky hair, promotes hair growth, removes dandruff, relieves itching. Quick sales, big profits, repeat orders. Write us at once and start the $$$$ coming your way. Mark Twain Laboratories, 101, Hannibal, Mo.

LIBERAL PROPOSITION FOR LIVE MEN selling new products; removes iron rust, medicine, mildew, ink, grass and fruit stains. Bleaches clothes, cleans straw hats. Write for free sample today and start taking orders. C. H. Stuart & Co., 55 Broadway, Newark, New York.

PORTRAIT AGENTS — $50,000 "PICTURE Man Friedman" made canvassing. Free circular, "Profits in Portraits," tells how. 24 hour service prints, finished portraits, frames. Credit extended. Samples free. Picture Man Friedman," Dept. 1, 127 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS: $10 TO $15 DAILY; EVERY OWNer wants initials on side doors of his automobile; applied while waiting; sale, $1.50; profit, $1.38; write for agency, special offer, free samples. Transfer Monogram Company, Desk B, 191 Market street, Newark, N. J.

NEW—DIFFERENT. EVERPLAY PHONOgraph needle plays 27,000 times. Better tone. Better reproduction. Cannot damage records. Saves $40. Price $1.00. Big profit to agents. Everplay, 9 McKay Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his aute. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

MEN AND WOMEN MAKE $100 UPWARDS weekly selling greatest labor and money saving household necessity. Big repeater. Good crew managers proposition. Free sample and particulars. Rolly Co., C-1, Hastings, Nebraska.

AGENTS TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED: BIG PROFIT; QUICK seller. A washing powder. A repeater. Exclusive territories open. Free samples. Write to-day. Busy Bee Co., 330 W. 71st, Chicago, Ill.

MEN'S SHIRTS. EASY TO SELL. BIG DEmand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 208 So. LaSalle, Factory 103, Chicago.

AGENTS GET INTO MONEY MAKING BUSIness; sell something new. Wonder combination hand bag. Every woman a customer. Act quick. Write for sample and territory. Goldsmith Mfg. Co., 160 N. Wells, Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE 200% PROFIT SELLING smokeless coal-oil lamp burners. Great demand. Repeaters. Users delighted. Sample 50c. Particulars free. Finch, 35-B Graham, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WE PAY $200 MONTHLY SALARY, FURnish rig and expenses to all who qualify introducing guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X 520, Springfield, Illinois.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD, necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

AGENTS. NEW MONEY-MAKER. Patented endless belt for men. Write and learn how to obtain sample free. The Moss Co., 77 Searle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

SOAP AGENTS—SEE OUR LINE OF SOAPS before doing anything else. Write today for catalog. American Products Co., 5039 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED people. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 620 Main, Richmond, Va.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—LOCAL MANAGER EACH TOWN for advertising branch. Big pay. No canvassing. Whole or spare time. No capital or experience required. S. Meyer, Dept. 2, 211 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating and refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, bedsteads. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 286 Fifth avenue, New York.

BECOME GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL clerks. $133-$192 month. Steady. Men—boys, over 17. List Government positions free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE BLADE OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

TURN YOUR SPARE OR WHOLE TIME into dollars at home; no capital or experience; one dime brings plan. Mandes Garn, Manton, Mich.

INTELLIGENT MEN AND WOMEN EARN $1.00 and over per hour part or full time work. Address Samoline Corporation, 2134 N Clark St. Chicago, Ill.

MALE HELP WANTED

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR: $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—MAN, WOMEN AGE 17 TO 65, to prepare for United States Government positions. Experience unnecessary. Our free book, B-51, tells you how. Write today. Chicago Civil Service College, 807 Kesner Building, Chicago.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, electric motormen, conductors, sleeping car and train porters (colored). Railroads everywhere, $140-$200. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

"WANTED, FIFTY MEN" TO SELL REAL estate on commission. Life time opportunity for really big calibre men. Does this sound like your opportunity? Then write or wire F. B. Andes, Paintsville, Kentucky.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

RAILWAY MAIL, GOVT. CLERKS-CARriers; $125-$200; experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write Mokane Institute, Dept. A 21, Denver, Colo.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. GREAT demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVEStigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED TO QUALIFY FOR FIREmen, brakemen, experience unnecessary. Transportation furnished. Write W. Boggess, 102 St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS nearest their homes—everywhere—beginners $150, later $250. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BECOME RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. $1600. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B6, Rochester, N. Y.

GOV'T POSITIONS OPEN—MEN, WOMEN. Honesty required; good pay to start. Write T. McCaffrey, St. Louis.

BECOME DETECTIVE AND DO SECRET service work in your town. National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, OVER 17, willing to accept Government positions, $135, write Mr. Ozment, 106, St. Louis.

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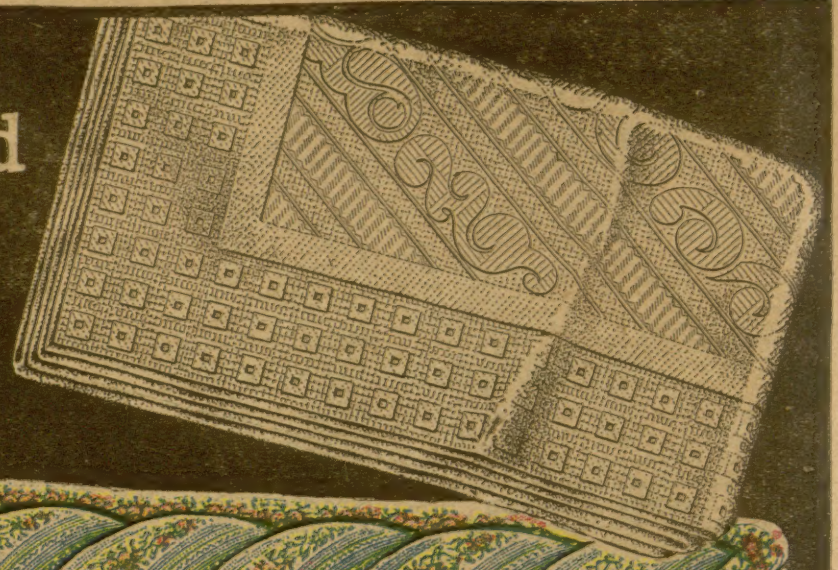

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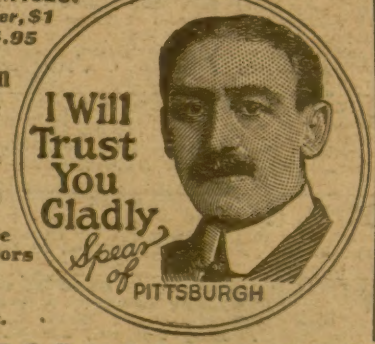

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